

Received 9-19-31 S. K. D. for C. T. V.

THE
SEWANEE REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

NOVEMBER, 1892.

[No. 1.

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, a Pure Woman Faithfully Presented, by Thomas Hardy, author of "A Group of Noble Dames," "The Woodlanders," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

IT has become quite the fashion of late years to make elaborate studies of the writings of living authors. Formerly it was considered proper to let a man become a classic, or, at least, to let him die, before giving him the honor of a commentary. Patrick Hume waited until Milton had been dead twenty-one years before he published his three hundred folio pages of notes on *Paradise Lost*; but Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Browning, and Mr. George Meredith have more than once seen their names on the backs of thick volumes of which they were not the authors. Two of them have even seen societies founded for the express purpose of studying their works and perpetuating their fame before death had cut short the works or time had had a chance to claim as notoriety what eternity might not be very anxious to battle for as fame.

Reasons for the change herein involved are not far to seek. In the first place, literature, as a profession, fills a larger space in the world's regard than it ever did before; for as civilization becomes less romantic and picturesque, as the stage for the brilliant soldier, sailor, diplomat, and traveller narrows, as society becomes morbid and introspective, the author, and along with him, the plastic artist and the actor, become more and more objects of popular interest, perhaps,

of popular affection. In the second place, the rise of the magazine and the newspaper has given criticism of contemporaries a position and power which the pamphleteers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could never have won with their spasmodic though able productions. The "reviewer" has, from the nature of things, been compelled to deal with contemporaries as well as with classics, and in spite of the hysterics of Shelley and the young lady novelists he has, on the whole, wielded his power fairly. But from an elaborate review of a single volume to an exhaustive essay or treatise on the entire works of a living author, may even to a society founded in his honor, is but a short and natural step in evolution.

There are some persons, however, who are shocked at evolution whether it occur in nature, or in theology, or in politics, or in literature. It may be well to explain, therefore, that the evolution under discussion can have done little harm to authors great enough for calm self-criticism, and that, if it has harmed inferior authors, posterity, for very obvious reasons, is not likely to suffer. It is furthermore true that fair criticism by contemporaries must do good by encouraging writers of talents and by causing them to concentrate their energies on special fields where their work will tell, as well as by introducing them to appreciative readers who would not otherwise be attracted to them. Perhaps this last fact is the chief reason why a sympathetic study of the writings of a living author has an unmistakable value. When such a study is the result of love and enthusiasm, when it belongs to what we may well call missionary criticism, that is the criticism which seeks to lay before others that which has charmed, inspired, transformed the critic himself, then such a study is valuable not only because it may serve to bring author and reader together, but also because it is likely to have the positive value which belongs to creative literature. If the following study be found to possess any such value we shall be more than satisfied.

As there is always a more or less intimate connection be-

tween an author's works and his life and environment, it will be proper to give here a short sketch of Mr. Hardy's life, uneventful as it seems to have been. Thomas Hardy was born in Dorset on June 2, 1840.¹ He was educated in his native county until he was seventeen, when he was articled as pupil to an ecclesiastical architect residing in the county town. He spent the four years of his apprenticeship as much in studying the classics and theology as in mastering his profession. He was assisted in these studies by the sympathy of two friends of kindred tastes, and he has probably celebrated this intellectual communion in one of his novels, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." On the expiration of his minority he went to London and allied himself with the modern school of Gothic artists, studying under Sir Arthur Bloomfield and also becoming a student of modern languages at Kings College. In 1863 he received the prize and medal of the Institute of British Architects for his essay on "Colored Brick and Terra Cotta Architecture," as well as Sir W. Tite's prize for architectural design. He resided in London until 1867, when he probably went abroad. How he spent his time, except in writing poetry which is still in manuscript, remains uncertain. It may be remarked that definite information on the point is not at all necessary to convince a careful reader of Mr. Hardy's novels that their author must at some time or other have written poetry. No man with Mr. Hardy's imagination and his wonderful command of striking figures and pregnant phrases could have refrained from endeavoring

"Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

During his second residence in London (1870-72) Mr. Hardy undertook to write his first novel. Upon its completion it was published anonymously, in 1871, under the title of "Desperate Remedies." It seems to have been equally praised and blamed, but its author was encouraged to follow it up the next year with a prose idyl of rural life entitled

¹One authority says Devonshire.

"Under the Greenwood Tree." This was well received, and deservedly so; another twelvemonth, therefore, saw a third novel, on different lines from its predecessor, but also successful, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." But a sure instinct led Mr. Hardy away from the conventional society novel back to his peasants of Dorset, or as he prefers to call it, "Wessex," and in "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874) he achieved a gratifying success. The story appeared first as a serial in *The Cornhill Magazine*, and until the appearance of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," only a year ago, was regarded as its author's masterpiece, judicious critics declaring that in its pages the English peasant had been made to speak out as he had never done since the days of Shakspeare. Since this success Mr. Hardy's pen has rarely rested, and his fame has been steadily growing. Besides dramatising "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1879), he has written eight novels, one novelette, and two volumes of short stories, many of which have appeared simultaneously in England, America, Australia, and India, while some have been translated into foreign languages. His latest novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," has been more widely read and noticed than any work of fiction in recent years, except, perhaps, Mrs. Ward's "David Grieve" and the stories of Mr. Kipling. He is now said to be engaged upon a novel entitled "The Pursuit of the Well Beloved."

Little is known about Mr. Hardy's personality. His portrait shows us a strongly individual face, which is attractive if not handsome. The lines of deep thought are plainly visible, and there is a far-away look in the eyes that recalls the novelist's early poetry, and his affiliation to some extent with the romantic school. Naturally preferring to live in his favorite "Wessex," Mr. Hardy resides near Dorchester in a fine house of his own design. He loves the quiet of family life (he married a Miss Gifford in 1875), so he rarely visits London except on business, and is not often pestered by the lion hunter and the reporter. Still we feel that he is no hermit, that he must have known personally the characters that move across

his pages. We feel also that he is not a mere bookworm, but that he knows every foot of ground in Devon, Dorset, Summerset, Hampshire, and Wilts, in that Wessex whose literature begins with England's noblest king and ends with—Mr. Hardy. It is time, however, as our author uses "I" with the greatest infrequency in his writings, to pass to a consideration of his novels in detail, and of his general characteristics as a writer of fiction.

A man of letters is himself often a good critic of his own youthful work, and so Mr. Hardy fairly sums up the defects of "Desperate Remedies," when he says of it in the "Prefatory Note" appended to its re-issue in 1889: "The principles observed in its composition are, no doubt, too exclusively those in which mystery, entanglement, surprise, and moral obliquity are depended on for exciting interest." In other words, Mr. Hardy means to say that he had fallen under the spell of that wonderful weaver of plots, Wilkie Collins. But Collins in his best work avoided the mistake into which his follower fell, of failing to observe a due proportion between the mystery and entanglement of his plot and the value, that is the interest, of his characters and their actions. We do not like to be perplexed or mystified about people unless we are greatly interested in them, and with the possible exception of the steward Manston, there are no very interesting characters in "Desperate Remedies."

The plot is too intricate to be given here in detail. There are marriages that are no marriages, there is a murder, there is an illegitimate son of an aristocratic mother, there is a beautiful love-sick heroine who gets into every sort of trouble, and a love-sick hero who plays detective and gets her out. In short, we have all the materials for a story eminently suitable for the *New York Ledger*, materials put together in a very artificial way, but in a way that excites and interests the reader to his heart's content. But the question immediately occurs, if a man of thirty-one could seriously occupy himself in developing such a plot, how was it that he ever succeeded in writing a great novel? An an-

swer is easily found. An ultra-sensational novel with a mixed-up plot and an artificial method of presentation does not necessarily mean an unpromising volume. When such a novel is written in a style which is at once recognized as individual in its simplicity, its strength, its grace; when it is found to be distinguished by passages and scenes of rare descriptive power; when its author, time and again dazzles us with a flashing simile or an exquisitely poetic epithet; when he not infrequently lets drop a pearl of wisdom which no swine save skimming readers can possibly be found to spurn; when to crown all he takes an impassive peasant and makes him talk as though nobody were near to overhear him; then we may well feel sure that our novice in authorship gropes only because he is seeking for a method and that he is not unlikely to find one.

That all the above promising traits were to be found in "Desperate Remedies" by a careful reader of 1871 will not, we think, be disputed by the careful reader of 1892. Of course such a proposition cannot be definitely established in an article like the present, but the book is easily accessible, and the accuracy of our statement can be tested. We feel inclined, however, to support ourselves by at least one quotation:

"His clothes are something exterior to every man; but to a woman her dress is part of her body. Its motions are all present to her intelligence if not to her eyes; no man knows how his coat-tails swing. By the slightest hyperbole it may be said that her dress has sensation. Crease but the very Ultima Thule of fringe or flounce, and it hurts her as much as pinching her. Delicate antennæ, or feelers bristle on every outlying frill. Go to the uppermost: she is there; tread on the lowest: the fair creature is there almost before you."

"Under the Greenwood Tree" is a year-long rural idyl, as simple in its plot as "Desperate Remedies" is complex. The nine chapters of the first part entitled "Winter," are taken up with a wonderfully humorous description of the old-fashioned wind-instrument choir of the parish of Mellstock trudging around on Christmas night to serenade every dweller in the parish, and with an equally humorous description of

the party given by honest Reuben Dewey, the tranter, or wagoner. The other parts, named after the other seasons, commemorate the love of Dick Dewey, the tranter's son for Fancy Day, the village schoolmistress—a love which ends in the most typical of rural weddings, in spite of the fact that the young rector himself is somewhat smitten with the fair schoolmistress who plays the first organ set up in the parish church. The despair of the old choir at the advent of this organ and their visit to the rector in expostulation are described with a humor that puts Mr. Hardy alongside of Dickens if not, as some think, above him. Obviously no quotation can do justice to the exquisite truth to nature, to the simplicity, the humor, the genial charm of this idyl which is as much above most genre sketches of the modern school as a representative poem of Wordsworth's is above the best effusion of Bryant. The fresh smell of woods and fields blows through the all but poetic pages; like Antæus the reader rises up refreshed from a touch of mother earth. Mr. Hardy has at last learned his method. He reproduces nature, whether in flower, or tree, or cloud, or field, or man—not the man of streets and parlors—but the man of the fields, who is as much a natural object as a tree or a boulder—yet his method of reproduction is not that of the photographer, but of the painter. He is realistic, but at the same time idealistic; in other words, he is an artist, and the sub-title of his book, "*A Rural Painting of the Dutch School*," does not belie its qualities.

We said above that Mr. Hardy is as humorous as Dickens, and we appealed to the description of the choir's visit to the rectory in proof of the assertion. As this scene takes up a whole chapter, it must remain unquoted, but who could fail to quote a few paragraphs from the chapter describing Dick Dewey's first visit to the house of his sweetheart's father, Geoffrey Day, in the depths of Yalbury wood? Geoffrey and Dick and Fancy, the sweet link between them, are seated at the noon-day meal. Mrs. Day the second is bustling about overhead preparing to make a disagreeable descent

upon the party below. The conversation meanwhile has turned on matrimony.

"'If we are doomed to marry, we marry; if we are doomed to remain single, we do;' replied Dick.

"Geoffrey had by this time sat down again, and he now made his lips thin by severely straining them across his gums, and looked out of the fireplace window to the end of the paddock with solemn scrutiny. 'That's not the case with some folk,' he said at length, as if he read the words on a board at the farther end of the paddock.

"Fancy looked interested, and Dick said 'No?'

"There's that wife o' mine. It was her doom not to be nobody's wife at all in the wide universe. But she made up her mind that she would, and did it twice over. Doom? Doom is nothing beside an elderly woman—quite a chiel in her hands."

"A Pair of Blue Eyes," Mr. Hardy's third novel, gives the heart history of a rather susceptible but very charming young lady, Miss Elfride Swancourt, who, by the way, is said to be unpopular with her own sex. It has at least one strong character, Henry Knight, the reviewer, Elfride's second lover. It contains also one very powerful scene, the rescue of Knight from the cliff through the heroism and presence of mind of Elfride. It is not only an interesting story, but a very subtle study of feminine instincts, yet although a successful novel as a whole, it can hardly be placed among our author's masterpieces. The last scene of all in which Elfride's two disappointed lovers encounter her husband at her tomb, is pathetic in the extreme.

"Far from the Madding Crowd" has already been described as inferior only to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It combines all the charm of "Under the Greenwood Tree" with more than the power and interest of "Desperate Remedies." It is the first work to prove that Mr. Hardy possesses the power of creating characters that live. Farmer Oak, the faithful, modest, sensible hero, is a character that no one can forget, a nobler, a longer lived character, perhaps, than even Adam Bede. Joseph Poorgrass, Mr. Hardy's masterpiece in the way of peasant characters, is a personage whom Fielding would not have disdained to create—Fielding who in the creation of characters is the Zeus of English

novelists. Bathsheba Everdene, the heroine—Mr. Hardy disdains to give his heroines common names thereby linking himself to the romancers—Farmer Boldwood, Sergeant Troy, the maltster, are all excellent in their way, although inferior to the two first mentioned. But with his advance in characterization, Mr. Hardy does not fall behind, nay rather, he advances in his other qualities. Never has the life of the farm and the sheepfold been more truthfully or more charmingly described; never has the homely picturesqueness of the English peasant received so attractive a setting. The humor that welled up in "*Under the Greenwood Tree*," flows here in a full stream, witness Joseph Poorgrass drunk in the public house testifying to the evils of the affliction known as "a multiplying eye"—an affliction which had a way of always coming on when he had been in a public house a little while, as he meekly confessed to Shepherd Oak. In style, too, Mr. Hardy has improved. He has become more practised in his use of that noble instrument, the prose of his native tongue. There is less straining for effect, there is less dependence upon the aid of a flashing figure or epithet; in other words, there is more Sophoclean roundedness, and less Æschylean pointedness than in his earlier works.

But—and without this "*Far from the Madding Crowd*" would not be a great novel—there is a human interest about this story which lifts it above its predecessors. Human interest is a term used by some writers¹ with reference to passion rather than to action, but we here use it inclusively. It is to be remarked, however, that for a novel or a romance to be truly inspiring, the human interest that emerges from passion or suffering should not predominate. Men and women must act their parts, in the true sense of the phrase, in a novel as well as on the stage; and unless one character acts a great part, or some of the characters combine to act a great part, the novel must often fail of truly inspiring its readers. Now Farmer Oak, though in a modest way, does

¹ See Mr. R. G. Moulton's admirable book, "*Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist*" (Second Edition, pp. 272, 273).

live a great life and act a great part, and Bathsheba Everdene and Farmer Boldwood, if they do not live great lives, nevertheless go through fires of affliction that try their souls and lend them an inevitable interest. Hence it is that we place this novel among the few great novels of our generation—because even “far from the madding crowd” Mr. Hardy has seen that there is something more than the life of plant, and stone, and stream, something more than the animal life of Joseph Poorgrass and his kind—the life of men who love greatly, and endure greatly, and dare greatly like Shepherd Oak, the life of women who pass through Sloughs of Despond to reach at last the Delectable Mountains like Bathsheba Everdene.

“The Hand of Ethelberta” (1876) was described by its author as “A Comedy in Chapters.” It bears out fairly well the claims of its sub-title. The heroine, Ethelberta, is a butler’s daughter, who, having been educated above her station, marries a young, wealthy, and well-born husband and is soon left a fashionable widow. She now essays the difficult rôle of moving in polite society while still preserving secret relations with her family. Her sister becomes her maid, her brother her footman, and once she is actually waited on at a dinner party by her father, the butler. Naturally such a plot furnishes Mr. Hardy with much opportunity for delicate satire on fashionable society as well as for indulging in his accustomed humor. Ethelberta publishes poems, recites her own stories, loves a poor gentleman, is wooed by several eligible suitors, and finally marries a worn-out peer. If it were not that she gets the upper hand of her old husband and is enabled to lift up and support her family the end of the story would be tragic, rather than comic; but, viewed as a whole, it is an amusing comedy which deserves more popularity than it seems to have had. Certainly Mr. Hardy has drawn few more interesting characters than his “squirrel haired” Ethelberta.

Two years later, 1878, appeared the book which some regard as our author’s masterpiece, but to which we are in-

clined to give the third place among his works—"The Return of the Native." Here again we have a rural setting and a powerful and moving plot. The characters, too, are striking and well drawn, and one of them, Clym Yeobright, the hero, just misses greatness. Unlike Mr. Hardy's previous works, it is predominantly a tragedy; but it is not a thoroughly artistic success, because our pleasure at the artist's triumph is overbalanced by disagreeable sensations caused by the repulsiveness of many of his characters and of the environment in which they move. Mr. Hardy himself must have felt the effect of this repulsiveness, for his humor is almost entirely absent. A passion for excessive realism, too, has taken a greater hold upon this essentially poetic idealist, and it is only when he is in the presence of inanimate nature that his soul appears to be truly inspired. The descriptions of Egdon Heath in this novel, and of the effects of its sombre vastness upon its scattered inhabitants, are unequalled, so far as our reading goes, in modern fiction. But if nature has taken hold of Mr. Hardy as it has done of few men since Wordsworth, it has not disturbed him "with the joy of elevated thoughts," as Wordsworth sang; it has not proved itself to be the power "whose secret is not joy, but peace" of Matthew Arnold; but rather it has proved itself to be the mysterious, inscrutable counterpart in the world of the senses, of that "insoluble enigma" with which Herbert Spencer and so many modern minds have found themselves confronted in the world of thought. In other words, Mr. Hardy seems to have fallen a victim to the *malheur du siècle*, and so Clym Yeobright, and his mother, and Eustacia Vye, and Wildeve, and the other characters, love their loves and hate their hates on Egdon Heath without ever seeming to think that there is any thing beyond this present life, as pagan in heart as the old Celts that built the barrow crowning the hill that overlooked the immemorial plains. Every thing about the novel is pagan from the barrow to the peasants who light a fire upon it every Guy Fawkes day; and the only truly noble character, the Reddleman, is as much

pagan as Christian in his virtues. It is just here that we can lay our finger on the radical defect of this book, a defect which we shall expect to find characterizing much of Mr. Hardy's future work. The writer of a great novel must be enough of an optimist to impart a *spring* to his work. Pessimism imparts no *spring* to any thing, and pessimism is but another name for the deadly languor that accompanies the *malheur du siècle* is, in fact, the symptom by which one is usually enabled to diagnose the disease.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Hardy is a pessimist in the sense that he is an apostle of pessimism. He does not set out with the avowed intention of making his readers fall out of love with life. He sees as well as any one that there is much in human nature that is noble and true, that there is much in life that is capable of giving pure and genuine pleasure. But, as a recent critic, Mr. William Sharp, has pointed out,¹ there seems to be a large-eyed sadness about his face as he looks forth upon the world. He finds much that is inexplicable, much that is solemn, much that does not answer to his sense of justice in the life that surges about him, and he does not hesitate to reproduce in his novels all that he sees. As a realist he is warranted in doing this, but as a poet and idealist he ought sometimes at least to see further into the mystery we call life. If he relied more upon his poetical qualities he would avoid one of the pitfalls of realism—he has bravely escaped the others—the tendency to paint life as repulsive by stripping it of its hopefulness, its self-sufficing energy, its *spring*. Shakspeare, whom Mr. Hardy resembles in many ways, did not make this mistake. The Shakspeare of "As You Like It" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" did, it is true, pass into the Shakspeare of "Hamlet" and "Othello"—the poet of a laughing, sunny world into the poet of the passions and the storms of life. But however much he was impelled to question life and fate, Shakspeare never failed to leave his hearers or

¹ See "The Forum" for July, 1892.

readers that hopefulness which is the spring of human existence. And in his last years, the years of "The Tempest" and "A Winter's Tale," he reached a calm serenity of spirit and a clearness of vision which makes one feel that our troubled, thoughtful novelist may perhaps in time reach a similar "coign of vantage" from which to survey the world. If, as we shall see, Mr. Hardy has written in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" a tragedy which instinctively suggests such tragedies as the "Lear" and the "Othello," who shall say that he may not in the years to come write a story of our modern life which shall suggest something of the wisdom, the genial charm of "The Tempest?"—even if he still finds it necessary to close with a note as solemn as

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The reader of Mr. Hardy's next novel, "The Trumpet Major," published in 1880, will at once ask himself, "Is not this author making a brave struggle against the scepticism, the pessimism that have been assailing him? Will not the optimism of the poet and idealist finally conquer the pessimism of the realist?" If Mr. Hardy had died after writing "The Trumpet Major" the last question might well have been answered in the affirmative. Few more charming, spontaneous, wholesome stories than this have ever been written by an English novelist. Sweet Anne Garland may well be set by Sweet Anne Page, and her two devoted swains, fickle Bob Loveday, the sailor, and staunch John Loveday, the Trumpet Major, are worthy to live as long as the language in which their adventures are told. This is the only one of Mr. Hardy's stories that at all claims the title—the great title in spite of some modern critics—of an historical romance. The scene is laid on the southern coast of England during the exciting days of Napoleon's contemplated invasion. The historical setting is worthy of all praise—indeed, as we shall see later, Mr. Hardy shares with Thackeray the power to move as freely in the past as in the

present. We consider "The Trumpet Major" to be the most charming of Mr. Hardy's stories, and if all its characters had possessed the nobility of the unselfish hero and if its action had been more tense and pitched upon a higher plane it would easily have been his greatest work. As it is, it is one of the cleanest, most interesting, most wholesome stories that can be recommended to readers old or young.

In "A Laodicean" (1881) Mr. Hardy became less spontaneous and charming, although more subtle and, perhaps, more powerful. The heroine, Paula Power, the Laodicean, neither hot nor cold, is a most interesting study in feminine psychology. The three leading male characters—Somerset, the architect, Dare, the adventurer, and Captain de Stancy, the scion of a decayed family—are well drawn; the action is sufficiently complicated to be interesting; but the story as a whole, though in Mr. Hardy's manner is not representative of him at his best. Perhaps we miss our author's humor, his interpretation of nature, his power to move our souls; perhaps we are disappointed in having to exchange Wessex peasants for middle class gentlemen and ladies whom more than one living artist could have drawn as well. But if "A Laodicean" cannot be ranked among Mr. Hardy's masterpieces, it evidently served as an inclined plane to let the author of "The Trumpet Major" down to the level of the author of "Two on a Tower" (1882).

This romance, as the author entitled it in the English edition, is in some respects a successful, and in all respects, a powerful book. It is not devoid of humor, as the delightful description of the choir practice amply proves. It is certainly a romance if a strange and almost bizarre plot can give a story as claim to that title. It does not yield to any of our author's stories as a character study, nor does it yield to any story of modern times in its absolute truth to the fundamental principles of human nature under certain given circumstances. More than any of Mr. Hardy's novels it gives one the impression of being a study undertaken on definite lines and with a definite object. That object is the endeavor to show

the misery that must come to the woman who allows her passion for a man to blind her to the obstacles which difference of age, of rank, of education, of social aim, have set between them. The absorbing, the disastrous passion of Lady Constantine for her young astronomer, Swithin St. Cleve, the secret marriage, the terrible complications that arise upon her discovery that she was not a widow when she contracted this marriage, her anxiety to do no wrong to the budding genius of her boy husband, who still finds more to gaze at in the stars of heaven than in her own love-lit eyes, her open marriage to the Bishop of Melchester to save her reputation, the awakening of St. Cleve to the fact that there are other women in the world besides his quondam wife and patroness, and finally the death scene in the tower when the heart of her that loved not wisely, but too well, has snapped beneath its weight of grief—all these particulars make up a story of intense power and interest. But it is a painful story. The Genius of Pessimism is slowly rising from the magic jar in which our author has endeavored to imprison him. It is almost too much to ask us to sit quietly by while the beautiful and loving creature Mr. Hardy has given life to becomes involved in the meshes of a fate that knows no unloosing. It is too much to ask us to read a romance that contains not a single heroic character. Natural and true to life in many respects this story may be, but its truthfulness is not the truthfulness of great art, because repulsiveness forms no element of the truth of art.

Passing over the novelette entitled "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid" (1884), which demands no serious consideration, we come to the least attractive of all Mr. Hardy's novels, "The Mayor of Casterbridge" (1886), a work, by the way, which the booksellers find to be unpopular. In the setting of this story we recognize much of our author's old power. The quiet rural town¹ is set as distinctly

¹ Casterbridge is Dorchester, the Durnovaria of the Romans. For an interesting description of our author's haunts see Mr. J. William White's letters to the *New York Nation* for September 8 and 15, 1892.

before us as Cranford is. But the people to whom Mr. Hardy introduces us upon its streets are not the people Mrs. Gaskell makes us know and love. There is to our mind not a really attractive character in the whole book. The good ones have a tendency to become commonplace, the bad ones can hardly be said to be interesting. It is true that Michael Henchard, the self-made hero, is a remarkable character study from the point of view of a psychologist or a sociologist, but that does not make him a proper hero for a novel, and we are forced to conclude that even the genius of Mr. Hardy cannot long sustain its eagle flight when, to borrow a metaphor from Shelley, its wings are cramped by the constraining folds of the serpent of pessimism.

But the darkest hour is that which immediately precedes the dawn. In "The Mayor of Casterbridge" the sun of Mr. Hardy's genius seems almost sunk from sight; in "The Woodlanders" (1886-7) it is seen rising slowly from the waves. Again we have the intimate sense of the mystery and the passion of nature; again we have the wonderful power of describing rural characters; again we have the closely knit and powerful action; we even have glimpses of the old humor. Still there is an indefinable something that separates the author of "The Woodlanders" from the author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." Twelve years have made Mr. Hardy a more practised writer, they have given him a wider experience, but they have not made him any more in love with life. On the contrary, as has been indicated, they have frequently made him see little in life except a purposeless struggle in the coils of an implacable fate. And so Giles Winterbourne in "The Woodlanders" fails in the pursuit of his love, which is his life, when Farmer Oak, in "Far from the Madding Crowd" succeeds. Honesty, loyalty, and love meet death for their reward; while a barely decent repentance on the part of a rather repulsive personage is rewarded by the love of a heroine who though scarcely noble is worthy of a better fate. It, therefore, matters little when we view "The Woodlanders" as a whole, whether the descriptions of

the forests to be found in its pages are unexcelled in truth and beauty even by Mr. Hardy himself, or whether the scene which describes Marty South dressing the grave of Winterbourne is the finest in the whole range of our author's novels; for the total impression produced by the book is painful because the fate that rules its characters is to Mr. Hardy, as well as to his readers, the relentless fate of alien times and peoples. And yet how powerful and original the book is, and who else among modern Englishmen could have written it!

It must not be imagined that during this long period of incessant novel writing Mr. Hardy refrained entirely from trying his hand on that popular form of literature, the short story. His novelette, "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," has been already mentioned, but it may be recalled again to praise the character of the lime-burner Jim, and to condemn the generally improbable features of the plot. Besides this story, Mr. Hardy wrote before the year 1888 at least six stories of notable merit, five of which were in this year collected in a volume entitled "Wessex Tales, Strange, Lively, and Commonplace." The tales thus brought together were entitled "The Three Strangers," "The Withered Arm," "Fellow Townsmen," "Interlopers at the Knap," and "The Distracted Preacher." An interesting story not included in this collection is "What the Shepherd Saw."

Mr. Hardy has done nothing more realistic in the more technical sense of that word than in these stories. By this we mean that he has kept a stricter guard over his poetic and romantic tendencies than elsewhere in his works. He allows himself to be humorous, but rarely to flash his imagination over the scene he is observing with his wide-awake eyes. In "Under the Greenwood Tree" he had proved himself to be as close an observer of animate and inanimate nature as one could well wish to have for a guide, but the closeness of his observation had not prevented him from sometimes looking at things with the eyes of a poet. It is Hardy the pure proseman who confronts us in "Wessex Tales," and certainly we

could not well afford to lose this aspect of his genius. There are few stories in all literature more perfectly worked out in every detail than the "Three Strangers;" there are few that show more keen observation and humor than "The Interlopers at the Knap" and "The Distracted Preacher."¹ But it is a dry, white light which plays over these stories, not the delicate, subtly-tinted light that plays over the exquisite idyl that describes the wooing of Richard Dewey and Fancy Day.

It is, however, a subtly-tinted light that plays over Mr. Hardy's second volume of short stories published three years later, and entitled "A Group of Noble Dames." This *Wessex Decameron* consists of ten tales, each of which concerns itself with the fortunes of a noble dame, and each of which is a work of perfect art. Not only is Mr. Hardy able to show his wonted power of characterization within the narrow limits he has set himself—which cannot always be said of him in "Wessex Tales"—but he is also able by a few sure touches to surround his characters with environments such as he has not hitherto attempted to depict. The ability to transport himself and his readers into the past which he had shown eleven years before in "The Trumpet Major," is shown here to a greater degree. The eighteenth century lives for us again in nearly every story as truly as it does in the poems of Austin Dobson. This is high praise, but it is deserved. A more charming book has not been given to the world for many years, and its charm and grace are ample proof that Mr. Hardy does not always live under the shadow of pessimism.

But it is a book not a year old which has made Mr. Hardy the most prominent living English novelist. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is possibly too fresh in our minds and the verdicts of its various critics and readers are still too jarring and confused to enable us to feel certain that we are criticising it fairly, and not merely taking up the cudgels for or

¹One is forced to wonder whether Mr. Barrie had not read this story before he began "The Little Minister."

against certain very pronounced opinions of its author. For in this novel, as in "Two on a Tower," Mr. Hardy seems to have succumbed to a popular tendency, and to have written a novel with a purpose. We say *seems*, for after all the purpose may have developed itself after the inception of the story—the opening incident of which at least was founded on fact—or it may have ceased to affect the writer the moment he became deeply interested in his characters. We confess that the power and the movement of the story are so great that it is only when we read a review of it that we are conscious that its author had any purpose save that which is common to every true writer of fiction—viz.: to tell a story which shall please. But this unconsciousness of a novelist's purpose is the highest tribute that can be paid to his work.

It would be useless to enter here upon any elaborate account of the plot of a book every one is reading or has read. As we all know Tess, the milkmaid heroine, has fallen from virtue through no fault of her own. Subsequently her great passion for a second and nobler lover sweeps her into a marriage with him after she has failed to tell him of her condition, although she has attempted to do so. Her confession of her secret to her husband is one of the most powerful and painful scenes in all literature. After the weak man has deserted her, she undergoes in patience a life of unspeakable torture, but at last falls again to her former betrayer in order to keep her mother and her family from starvation. Her husband returns to her, and in her remorse she stabs her betrayer to death. After a brief period of ecstatic bliss with the now repentant man, whose desertion has brought her to such a pass, she is seized by the officers of the law and led to the scaffold. Her story ends with the husband and her young sister moving away with averted eyes from the black flag that floats above the gloomy modern jail. In the words of her Creator, "'Justice' was done, and Time, the arch-satirist, had had his joke out with Tess."

"How horrible, how pessimistic," exclaims one reader.

"How absurd," says another, "to attempt to prove that such a woman was pure," this last personage being swift to remember Mr. Hardy's sub-title, "A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented." "What is the good of such stories when they only make one weep?" says a third. "It is the greatest tragedy of modern times," says a fourth. "It is a dangerous book to put into the hands of the young," says a fifth. And so on through a chorus of praise and blame which seems to us to be as a rule beside the point.

In the first place, we see little use in arguing whether or not Tess was really pure. We may see some excuse for her second fall, another may not. But what no one can fail to see is that in Tess Mr. Hardy has drawn a great character, nay, his greatest character, and we venture to say the greatest character in recent fiction. She seizes one at once and never looses her hold. What does it matter to us, from the point of view of art, whether she is pure or not, provided she does not repel us? There is here no allurement to sin, no attempt to make wrong right, no disposition to paint vice in the colors that belong to virtue. We see in her only a beautiful earth-born creature struggling against a fate too strong for her, a fate that brings her to a dishonored grave, and yet not a fate that will cut her off from the peace and joy of another world than this. She is elemental, this peasant's daughter with the blood of a Norman noble in her veins. She has the elemental freshness, the odor of earth, that Mr. Hardy's other peasants have, but she has also an elemental strength and nobility that they have not. This elemental freshness, this elemental strength and nobility, make her a woman fit to set in the gallery of Shakspeare's women—which is but to say that she is a creation of genius that time cannot devour. Her story is pure tragedy—the greatest tragedy, it seems to us, that has been written since the days of the Elizabethans—it lacks "the accomplishment of verse," but at least it is told in the strongest and purest prose. If this be true, how vain to call it a horrible book? As well call the "Othello" horrible. Granted

that it leaves a sensation of pain that lingers with a reader for hours, still it is the bitter-sweet pain that tragedy always leaves, and the pain is overbalanced by the pleasure we gain from our appreciation of the artist's triumph. Mr. Hardy may take his leave of us with a pessimistic fling, but he has succeeded *malgrè* pessimism in producing a great work of art. He must have kept his eye fixed upon the nobleness, the pathos of his heroine's life, he must have seen a rift in the black sky above her, he must have sunk his realism in idealism, his pessimism in optimism, oftener than he was perhaps aware of.

Viewed in its details, this book impresses one as strongly as it does when viewed as a whole. Its subordinate characters are admirably drawn and all help on the action. The husband, Angel Clare, is scarcely worthy of Tess's love, but Mr. Hardy has the authority of the Greeks for setting the man's selfishness and subservience to conventionalism as a foil to the natural purity and charm of the woman. Euripides makes Admetus serve as a foil to Alkestis. Mrs. Durbeyfield, the silly mother, who is responsible for Tess's fall, is a creature seen time and again among her class. Angel Clare's evangelical father and mother are also touched off in a few strokes which have the inevitableness that a master's hand alone can give. It is perhaps needless to praise Dairyman Crick and the love-lorn milkmaids, for with such characters Mr. Hardy is always at home, and with them he never fails to be humorous, even if he does not rise to the humor that belongs of right to the creator of Joseph Poorgrass.

But this is also a novel of powerful and memorable scenes. That in which Tess christens her child of shame, giving him the name of Sorrow, while her little brothers and sisters act as clerk and congregation, is piercing in its pathos, to borrow an expression of Matthew Arnold's. This scene was omitted from the first American edition of "Tess," and the book was thereby greatly mutilated. No one who has read it can ever forget it or forget the lesson of charity it teaches. Very powerful also are the scenes describing Tess's confession

to her husband and the consequences of that confession, although it is impossible to deny that the sleep-walking experiences of the pair are somewhat exaggerated. With the departure of Angel Clare the clouds of doom begin to mass above Tess's head and the tragedy gathers such swift intensity that it is almost vain to speak of scenes. But who will forget Tess's first day at the bleak upland farm, or her frustrated visit to her father-in-law's house, or her second meeting with her betrayer, or her sudden deed of frenzy, or her capture on Salisbury plain under the Shadow of Stonehenge? To forget these scenes would imply the power to forget the sight of Lear upon the wintry heath or of Othello in the death chamber of his "gentle lady."

But "Tess" has merits that lie apart from the power of characterization and of dramatic presentation which its author so constantly displays. Never has Mr. Hardy's knowledge of nature stood him in better stead than in the descriptive passages which here and there break the tense thread of the action. They have the effect that all description should have in a novel, of heightening the impression which the author is endeavoring to convey by means of his characters and their actions. We read them only to plunge once more into the narrative of Tess's adventures with a sense of the impotence of nature to avert the doom of her choicest creation. At times it seems as if this modern Englishman were really a Greek endowed with the power of personifying the trees and streams past which his heroine glides, just as he seems to be a Greek in his never-ceasing sense of the presence of an inexorable fate. In fine, the Hardy of this novel is the Hardy who has charmed and impressed us before, but also a Hardy of heightened and matured powers—a master of fiction.

But it is high time to bring this article to a close, and in doing so we shall attempt to sum up the qualities that appear to us to make Mr. Hardy a great novelist. It would be pleasant to compare him with his contemporaries and to endeavor to show why we believe him to stand both in breadth

and depth of genius supreme among his living rivals. But this would require another article, and it is a kind of criticism which certain recent writers pronounce to be unscientific. We might be able to defend its usefulness in spite of the stigma which seems nowadays to attach to everything deductive, but we forbear.

Our first reason for considering Mr. Hardy great is that he possesses a great and individual style. He has the rare power of saying exactly what he wants to say in clear, strong, and charming English, even though his diction is at all times Latin rather than Teutonic, as Mr. Sharp has pointed out. He does not write rhetorical prose or, as a rule, poetic prose, but a prose that has a rhythm which does not suggest poetry, and that always fits its subject-matter as closely as a well-cut garment.

The second quality of Mr. Hardy's greatness is his wonderful power of describing and interpreting inanimate nature. We have so often referred to this power that we shall now content ourselves with observing that if meditative Wordsworth be substituted for blythe-hearted Chaucer in Landor's famous lines to Browning, they will be found not inapplicable to Mr. Hardy:—

"Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man has walked along our roads with step
So active, so enquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."

A third quality of our novelist's greatness is his power as a narrator. His characters move, the action never halts. He has the threads of his plot well in hand, and although he does not attempt to manage many threads, he leaves his readers confident of his power to do so should he wish. One feels in reading Hardy that this man has found his true vocation, that he is not a social reformer like Mrs. Ward or a philosopher like George Eliot, using the novel as the best means to reach the masses, but a story-teller, a lineal descendant of the cyclic bards of Greece, of the troubadours

of France, of the ballad singers and dramatic poets of merry England.

Fourth and last of Mr. Hardy's qualities that may be mentioned here is his power of characterization. His gallery of women is unique, even if he has seldom drawn one whom his average male reader would care to marry. Bathsheba Everdene, Elfride Swancoat, Ethelberta Petherwin, Eustacia Vye, Mrs. Yeobright, Anne Garland, Paula Power, Lady Constantine, Grace Melbury, Marty South, the "ever-memorable" group, and finally, to crown all, Tess, the milkmaid—who of our modern novelists can make such a showing! There they stand, flesh and blood women, whose every action, whose most delicate sensation is thoroughly understood by their creator. We can only regret that he has not chosen to portray a larger number of them as distinctly noble, but he has given us Marty South and Tess, and the others are all admirable in their kind and degree. For his own sex Mr. Hardy has done as well, if not better. The peasants of "Under the Greenwood Tree," Henry Knight, Farmer Oak, Joseph Poorgrass, Wildeve, Clym Yeobright, the Reddleman, Bob Loveday and his brother, the Trumpet Major, Dare, Swithin St. Cleve, Michael Henchard, Giles Winterbourne, and Angel Clare, are all striking characters, five of whom are noble men, and one of whom, Joseph Poorgrass, is destined to immortality.

It is unnecessary to repeat how great a debt we owe to this novelist for making his favorite Wessex, that strange country of pagan survivals, as well known to us almost as our own birthplace. His success as a provincial novelist has made many critics and readers overlook the fact that he has claims to a higher place among writers of fiction—a place not far below the exalted station where we have put Fielding and Scott and Thackeray, and for which Bulwer and Dickens and George Eliot are yet struggling. As he is still in the prime of life, and as his last work shows such an immense stride forward in his powers of characterization and of dramatic presentation, we hesitate to affirm that he will

not eventually lift himself to this high and secure position. He gives one always the impression that he has not put forth his full powers, and that there is yet more to come. If, as the years go by, he attains more and more to the philosophic mind, if he sees further into the secrets of life and nature and learns that pessimism and realism do not comprise the last words that art has in store for man; if he gives fuller scope to these poetic powers which are his by nature and which his wide observation and his deep study of the poets have strengthened, it may be that he will put a still greater distance between himself and his contemporaries—some of whom, like Mr. George Meredith, are pressing him close—and that he will yet write his name among the supreme masters of fiction—that is, among the benefactors of the human race.¹

¹As we go to press we find that *Harper's Bazar* for October 1 contains the opening chapters of Mr. Hardy's new novel, "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved. A Sketch of a Temperament."

THEODORE OF CANTERBURY.

TO estimate aright the place that belongs to S. Theodore in the founding of the Church of England it is necessary to recall the condition of the various Churches there at the time of his arrival (A.D. 669) and the circumstances that led to his summons.

Five years before (A.D. 664) the synod of Whitby had secured the conformity of the Scotch missionaries in England to the calendar of the continent and of South Ireland, but the importance of this step was not immediately obvious. To its actors the synod marked no epoch. Tuda, a Scot, succeeded Colman as bishop, and the Church remained in control of the pupils of Colman and Aidan. But this year that had opened so auspiciously for England closed with a pestilence that carried off half its bishops and a large part of its clergy. Tuda was among its first victims. In Kent the same day (July 14, 664) saw the death of archbishop and king, and the Bishop of Rochester followed them closely to the grave. Of the whole English episcopate there remained only the Gaul Boniface in East-Anglia who had recognized a nominal primacy in Canterbury; the Scot Jarumnan in Mercia, and Wini of Gallic ordination in Wessex, both of whom ignored it. The latter, however, had quarreled with his king and was soon to be expelled.

The ranks of the minor Southern clergy were sadly thinned, and no immediate effort was made to fill their vacant seats. The situation was indeed serious, and both in Kent and Northumbria required extraordinary measures. The Kentish clergy who would have invited a bishop of Rochester to Canterbury ignored Boniface as though to show that he had little connection with Kent. The new king took no steps to supply the see. The clergy hesitated to name a bishop till the royal policy should appear, and for four years the Kentish Church had no leader. In Essex, meantime,

pagan reaction led to political revolution. The heathen temples were restored. The sword of the Mercian king and the devotion of the Scot Jarumnan alone arrested the movement. This king now claimed supremacy over the Church in Essex and sold (A.D. 666) the bishopric of London, whence Mellitus had fled fifty years before, to Wini, just exiled from Wessex, who thus planted the "wicked seed" of simony in England. In Gaul, the land of his orders, the plant had flourished for a century. Wessex remained without a bishop for some four years, for though a candidate was promptly sent from Gaul, he was not consecrated till 670.

The southern Churches, then, were corrupt and paralysed. To the north a pagan reaction was taxing to the utmost the powers of Cuthbert. But the Church of Aidan successfully resisted heathenism, though it sought no aid from without, perhaps because it could have found none, for in Kent there was inaction, in Wessex discord, in East-Anglia an isolation that has left no record. In Mercia and Northumbria alone the Christians were undaunted and the faith unshaken.

Northumbria was naturally the first to act. Oswy made Chad his bishop at York and his son, the petty prince Alchfrid, had Wilfrid elected as bishop of his province.¹ Canonical consecration could not well be had in England, and Wilfrid sought it in Gaul, where he remained till the spring of 666. Chad, meantime, or possibly before, had accepted the dubious consecration of Wini and two British bishops and was ruling nobly at York when Wilfrid returned to the kingdom, but not to a diocese, for his princelet Alchfrid had fallen from favor. He had a monastery at Ripon, and for three years he made this his headquarters, losing no occasion to form influential connections in Mercia and even in Kent, where King Egbert summoned him to reorganize his acephalous Church.

Though Oswy might be satisfied with the state of his

¹That this was the true state of the case, rather than the current version, the writer has endeavored to show in the "Historical Review," 1891, and in the "Church Eclectic," February and March, 1890.

Church at home, his far-sighted policy could not view with indifference the weakness and disorganization of the south. His own position as Bretwalda, chief of English kings, would naturally suggest to him the possibility of a similar ecclesiastical authority. It is obvious too that from his political point of view this was a most opportune possibility, since it would surely smooth the way for the realization of his ambition, a united England. This he rightly foresaw the clergy would support heartily, for it would favor the growth and assure the stability of the Church. All the Churches were now in English hands, and at Whitby he had prevailed on them to lay aside all important differences in calendar and ritual,¹ but it must have been clear to him that jealous rivalry would prevent the various kingdoms from accepting an English primate unless he came to them with a sanction that all alike respected from the recognized head of Western christendom, who could speak with equal claim to every English Church.² But it would be clear to him from the first also that Rome, following the tradition of Gregory, would most readily sanction a primate with a Kentish connection. Oswy, therefore, "took counsel with Egbert of Kent," and with the election and consent of the Church they chose one of the Canterbury clergy and sent him to Rome to be ordained, "that he might ordain Catholic heads for the English Churches." He died, however, with his companions, in a Roman pestilence.

He had taken with him a letter from Oswy which the pope answered, praising the Catholic faith of Oswy and his essentially Scotch Church, and saying nothing of Egbert, whose part was clearly subordinate. Oswy, in addressing the pope, could hardly, in courtesy, do otherwise than leave it open to him to ordain whomever he thought most fit. The death of the ambassadors prevented the choice of an Englishman.

¹ That he, and not Wilfrid, was the moving spirit at Whitby, see "Church Eclectic," February, 1890.

² Kent and Wessex were Italian missions; East-Anglia, Gallic; Essex Mercia, and York, Scotch, on whose relations to Rome see "Church Eclectic," February, 1891.

Had he feared that in assuming to choose a successor he was exceeding the discretion reposed in him by Oswy, the pope would have hastened to forestall a second English embassy. He wrote, however, that he had not yet been able to find any priest such as Oswy wished. But that king had every reason to be pleased with the turn that matters had taken. It had been necessary to send a Kentishman to secure the support of the Kentish king, without which no primate could sit at Canterbury. His policy, however, would be far better served by a foreigner with no private grudges and no local prejudices. Besides, Oswy might well hope that Rome would furnish an abler man than Canterbury then afforded. The pope did nothing that was not expected and approved. Only the blind zeal of partisan controversy will discover "papal aggression" in the pope's careful and repeated efforts to comply with Oswy's request.

It was indeed hard to find a man at once fit and willing to go. At length Adrian, an African by birth, but abbot of a monastery near Naples, suggested the Greek monk Theodore, then sixty-six years old, and not yet in holy orders. He accepted the mission, but wished that Adrian should accompany him, because "he had been twice in Gaul, knew the way, and could provide an escort of his own men." This quite accorded with the pope's desire, who feared that Theodore "might introduce something in the Greek way contrary to the faith," alluding no doubt to the monothelite heresy. His fears were groundless though fruitful. None could asperse the orthodoxy of Theodore. His tonsure was more open to cavil. It was the Pauline, and that Rome might maintain the appearance of uniformity in England to which it did not attain at home, Theodore and the Saxon Church waited four months after his ordination as deacon (November, 667–March, 668) till the old man's hair had grown sufficiently to admit of Roman tonsure. Two months later he set out, but was detained at Arles by Ebroin till the season was so far advanced that Theodore was constrained to pass the winter with Agilbert at Paris. This was of importance to him, for Agilbert

had been a bishop in Wessex and a friend of Wilfrid, he could therefore acquaint Theodore with the conditions of his future work and would not fail to commend to him the neglected abilities of Wilfrid. The prejudice learned here influenced his conduct till it was corrected by experience. The results of his error survived him to trouble the Church for a generation.

Theodore reached England at last in May, 669, fourteen months after his consecration at Rome. Adrian was not able to join him till late in the year. Theodore passed the interval at Canterbury, aided by Benedict Biscop, whom he appointed abbot of St. Augustine's, whose monks for two years had attempted no election.

When Adrian came Theodore felt ready to undertake the great task to which Oswy had called him, the union of the English Churches. As he surveyed the field of his coming labor in the closing months of 669 the venerable man would find much to encourage, but much also that might well daunt a man of nearly seventy. In East-Anglia Boniface was dead or dying; in Essex Wini promised no efficient support; Wessex had been three years without a bishop; in Mercia both Church and State were jealous of their independence. Northumbria alone showed a healthy and vigorous ecclesiastical and political life; but Agilbert and the clergy that Wilfrid had ordained in Kent would have taught Theodore to look on Chad with suspicion that only personal intercourse could dispel. On the other hand, however, Theodore might consider that weak Churches would submit more readily to him than strong ones, and he could look to Oswy for a practical sanction even to autocratic measures. It is noteworthy, however, that it lay neither in the mind of Oswy nor of Theodore to preserve the scheme of Gregory and the equal rights of the see of York. Theodore recognized no rival authority and found none disposed to assert it. "He was the first archbishop," says Bede, "to whom every Church consented to give the hand." So far as the early centuries are concerned it might be added he was also the last.

Secure in the support of Oswy, and with the sympathy of the best elements in the Church, aided by others for selfish ends, Theodore proceeded to assert his authority in person in the various kingdoms of England. Accompanied by Adrian he went first to neighboring East-Anglia, and since he could not find the man or men he wanted he consecrated Bisi, whose frail health gave him the desired opportunity four years later to carry out a maturer policy. At Rochester he placed Putta, a priest of Wilfrid's consecration, and leaving Wini prudently undisturbed at London he turned to Northumbria, displaced Chad, and gave his see to Wilfrid.¹ Chad he transferred to Mercia, where Jarumnan had died. Thus he gave an unmistakable evidence of his conception of his prerogative.

After ordering, as he hoped, the affairs of the North, Theodore went to Wessex, where the Church, amid many vicissitudes, maintained a feeble though bishopless existence. Here he made Agilbert's nephew, Leutherius, bishop, and thus, in a single year, every English see was filled and every bishop save Wini owed his position to Theodore. The work of union was accomplished. The work of consolidation could begin.

The English Churches resigned their independence without resistance, and, as it seems, without regret. Many causes combined to produce this result. Most obvious of them is the temporary disorganization, especially in the South, that came from the plague of 664. But the most powerful single factor was the wise statesmanship and strong will of King Oswy. He was aided in this effort to foster a broader national spirit by all who shared his patriotic aspirations, and these could count on the help of the lower clergy to rouse like feelings among the people. Beside these a few men of talent aided Theodore because they preferred a more elaborate ritual or sought a wider field for their ambition. A united Church and a continental archbishop attracted equally, though from far different motives, men like Biscop and like Wilfrid. By the efforts of all these the ground was prepared for The-

¹Theodore's action and its motives are discussed in the articles cited in Note 1. Here, therefore, the facts only are stated.

odore, whose personal character and abilities commended him to all. But perhaps he won the favor of clergy and laity less by this than because he came from Rome. They could not be jealous of the chair of Peter, they had as yet no cause to fear and much to love the "threshold of the apostles." In this feeling the Scots and their Northumbrian converts were in no way behind the men of Wessex and Kent.¹ That the pope should send them Theodore seemed an honor that called for their gratitude. What measure of subjection or subordination was involved in accepting him neither clergy nor laity paused to consider, and had they done so they would have felt, and justly, that they could guard their own liberties if they should be assailed. Rome of the seventh century had neither the spirit nor the power that came to her from the Carlings, who did but follow the example of Oswy, giving to the popes the same place in their policy that Canterbury played in his.

The Church of England now enters a new era. It has risen above the varying fortunes of petty states and beckons the nation to political union. In the Church the people first forgot that they were Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, and learned that they were Englishmen. Political supremacy had passed from state to state and brought jealousy and discord in its forced and transient union. The brotherhood of the Christian faith softened the evils of civil strife and laid the foundation of a united kingdom. The primacy of Canterbury over Northumbria hardly survived Theodore, and its power in the South was varying and ill-defined. The wishes, and even the supposed opinions of Rome, were not always respected. And yet, from this time on, as never before, the English Church felt that it was united in spirit and aims and worthy to claim its place in Western christendom with the sister Churches of Gaul and Italy.

The Church had won the battle of the faith, but it had still to pursue a retreating enemy. Little more than two genera-

¹ See "Church Eclectic," February, 1891.

tions had passed since the Roman missionaries landed at Thanet. Those whom Augustine baptized as children may have greeted Theodore on his return from his triumphant progress. In less than seventy-five years every English prince had been converted and the faith had been preached in every English kingdom. But though Christianity ruled, heathenism was dead in no part of England. In Kent outward conformity was probably general. In the larger kingdoms, Northumbria and Mercia, there was more earnest faith, but, as was natural, more heathen survivals. Essex harbored a powerful pagan party. In Wessex Christianity was not yet the popular faith, and in Sussex it had made but feeble beginnings. Yet, on the other hand, the Christians had no serious rivals. Where they were weakest, heathenism, as an organized religion, was still weaker. Essentially local, it could not bear transplantation from its continental home, and when the missionaries laid the axe at the root of the tree it was already rotten at the core.

But the weakness of paganism was not the only essential factor in the speedy triumph of the missionaries. Moral law was as much the bulwark of civil order in the seventh century as in the nineteenth. When the Saxon tribes settled in the provinces they had conquered, the English kings felt immediately the instability of their followers whom they could lead to victory but not to peace. Some indeed were not sobered by the responsibilities of conquest. Others, such as Ethelbert, Edwin, and Oswald, had seen in the new faith not alone the religion of the future, but the hope of the present order. They looked to it to consolidate their influence at home and strengthen their power abroad. Therefore they urged the faith on their own people and encouraged it in subject princes. In every English kingdom this active support of the kings had been from the first the essential condition of missionary success. When it was temporarily withdrawn the Roman missions languished or were abandoned, and in the north the Church owed as much to Oswald as to Aidan, to Oswy as to Chad.

Both Christian kings and Christian missionaries were necessary to the conversion of England and it is idle to contrast their merits when each was so largely dependent on the other. The churchmen of later days naturally magnified their order. A more just apportionment of their praise serves also to explain their success.

As Oswy contrasted the state of the Church in 667 with that in 670, he had good cause to be content with the results of his wise policy, and to feel that he could close his long and not inglorious reign in peace and hopefulness. He died in 670, Chad followed him in 672, and King Egbert of Kent in 673. Wessex had been left in 672 by the death of its king a prey to feuds that checked the growth of the Church, and it is probable that the condition of Essex and East-Anglia also was not satisfactory to Theodore when he summoned all the bishops of England to meet him at Hertford on the border of Mercia and Essex in September, 673. Theodore had chosen his time opportunely, and the step was important, for though such councils had been commanded at Nicæa and were regarded on the continent as essentials of a healthy Church life, the political condition of England had not favored them till now, and, indeed, before 664, though there might have been co-operation, there could have been no united action. It needed a prelate of Theodore's unquestioned authority to control the conflicting national interests and jealousies to the general good and even he did not venture to take the step till the need was patent and his position well secured.

All the prelates responded but Wini and Wilfrid. The latter sent legates which suggests that he wished to keep the way open to revive the co-ordinate claims of York. The bishops called to their aid those skilled in canon law, but if we may trust Theodore's own account of the synod, its guidance was wholly in his hands. He first asked them if they "were willing to keep the things canonically decreed by the fathers of old," and on their assenting he "immediately produced the book of the canons" from which he urged ten points on their acceptance. He says he thought these "especially

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Church at home, his far-sighted policy could not view with indifference the weakness and disorganization of the south. His own position as Bretwalda, chief of English kings, would naturally suggest to him the possibility of a similar ecclesiastical authority. It is obvious too that from his political point of view this was a most opportune possibility, since it would surely smooth the way for the realization of his ambition, a united England. This he rightly foresaw the clergy would support heartily, for it would favor the growth and assure the stability of the Church. All the Churches were now in English hands, and at Whitby he had prevailed on them to lay aside all important differences in calendar and ritual,¹ but it must have been clear to him that jealous rivalry would prevent the various kingdoms from accepting an English primate unless he came to them with a sanction that all alike respected from the recognized head of Western Christendom, who could speak with equal claim to every English Church.² But it would be clear to him from the first also that Rome, following the tradition of Gregory, would most readily sanction a primate with a Kentish connection. Oswy, therefore, "took counsel with Egbert of Kent," and with the election and consent of the Church they chose one of the Canterbury clergy and sent him to Rome to be ordained, "that he might ordain Catholic heads for the English Churches." He died, however, with his companions, in a Roman pestilence.

He had taken with him a letter from Oswy which the pope answered, praising the Catholic faith of Oswy and his essentially Scotch Church, and saying nothing of Egbert, whose part was clearly subordinate. Oswy, in addressing the pope, could hardly, in courtesy, do otherwise than leave it open to him to ordain whomever he thought most fit. The death of the ambassadors prevented the choice of an Englishman.

¹ That he, and not Wilfrid, was the moving spirit at Whitby, see "Church Eclectic," February, 1890.

² Kent and Wessex were Italian missions; East-Anglia, Gallic; Essex Mercia, and York, Scotch, on whose relations to Rome see "Church Eclectic," February, 1891.

Had he feared that in assuming to choose a successor he was exceeding the discretion reposed in him by Oswy, the pope would have hastened to forestall a second English embassy. He wrote, however, that he had not yet been able to find any priest such as Oswy wished. But that king had every reason to be pleased with the turn that matters had taken. It had been necessary to send a Kentishman to secure the support of the Kentish king, without which no primate could sit at Canterbury. His policy, however, would be far better served by a foreigner with no private grudges and no local prejudices. Besides, Oswy might well hope that Rome would furnish an abler man than Canterbury then afforded. The pope did nothing that was not expected and approved. Only the blind zeal of partisan controversy will discover "papal aggression" in the pope's careful and repeated efforts to comply with Oswy's request.

It was indeed hard to find a man at once fit and willing to go. At length Adrian, an African by birth, but abbot of a monastery near Naples, suggested the Greek monk Theodore, then sixty-six years old, and not yet in holy orders. He accepted the mission, but wished that Adrian should accompany him, because "he had been twice in Gaul, knew the way, and could provide an escort of his own men." This quite accorded with the pope's desire, who feared that Theodore "might introduce something in the Greek way contrary to the faith," alluding no doubt to the monothelite heresy. His fears were groundless though fruitful. None could asperse the orthodoxy of Theodore. His tonsure was more open to cavil. It was the Pauline, and that Rome might maintain the appearance of uniformity in England to which it did not attain at home, Theodore and the Saxon Church waited four months after his ordination as deacon (November, 667-March, 668) till the old man's hair had grown sufficiently to admit of Roman tonsure. Two months later he set out, but was detained at Arles by Ebroin till the season was so far advanced that Theodore was constrained to pass the winter with Agilbert at Paris. This was of importance to him, for Agilbert

had been a bishop in Wessex and a friend of Wilfrid, he could therefore acquaint Theodore with the conditions of his future work and would not fail to commend to him the neglected abilities of Wilfrid. The prejudice learned here influenced his conduct till it was corrected by experience. The results of his error survived him to trouble the Church for a generation.

Theodore reached England at last in May, 669, fourteen months after his consecration at Rome. Adrian was not able to join him till late in the year. Theodore passed the interval at Canterbury, aided by Benedict Biscop, whom he appointed abbot of St. Augustine's, whose monks for two years had attempted no election.

When Adrian came Theodore felt ready to undertake the great task to which Oswy had called him, the union of the English Churches. As he surveyed the field of his coming labor in the closing months of 669 the venerable man would find much to encourage, but much also that might well daunt a man of nearly seventy. In East-Anglia Boniface was dead or dying; in Essex Wini promised no efficient support; Wessex had been three years without a bishop; in Mercia both Church and State were jealous of their independence. Northumbria alone showed a healthy and vigorous ecclesiastical and political life; but Agilbert and the clergy that Wilfrid had ordained in Kent would have taught Theodore to look on Chad with suspicion that only personal intercourse could dispel. On the other hand, however, Theodore might consider that weak Churches would submit more readily to him than strong ones, and he could look to Oswy for a practical sanction even to autocratic measures. It is noteworthy, however, that it lay neither in the mind of Oswy nor of Theodore to preserve the scheme of Gregory and the equal rights of the see of York. Theodore recognized no rival authority and found none disposed to assert it. "He was the first archbishop," says Bede, "to whom every Church consented to give the hand." So far as the early centuries are concerned it might be added he was also the last.

Secure in the support of Oswy, and with the sympathy of the best elements in the Church, aided by others for selfish ends, Theodore proceeded to assert his authority in person in the various kingdoms of England. Accompanied by Adrian he went first to neighboring East-Anglia, and since he could not find the man or men he wanted he consecrated Bisi, whose frail health gave him the desired opportunity four years later to carry out a maturer policy. At Rochester he placed Putta, a priest of Wilfrid's consecration, and leaving Wini prudently undisturbed at London he turned to Northumbria, displaced Chad, and gave his see to Wilfrid.¹ Chad he transferred to Mercia, where Jarumnan had died. Thus he gave an unmistakable evidence of his conception of his prerogative.

After ordering, as he hoped, the affairs of the North, Theodore went to Wessex, where the Church, amid many vicissitudes, maintained a feeble though bishopless existence. Here he made Agilbert's nephew, Leutherius, bishop, and thus, in a single year, every English see was filled and every bishop save Wini owed his position to Theodore. The work of union was accomplished. The work of consolidation could begin.

The English Churches resigned their independence without resistance, and, as it seems, without regret. Many causes combined to produce this result. Most obvious of them is the temporary disorganization, especially in the South, that came from the plague of 664. But the most powerful single factor was the wise statesmanship and strong will of King Oswy. He was aided in this effort to foster a broader national spirit by all who shared his patriotic aspirations, and these could count on the help of the lower clergy to rouse like feelings among the people. Beside these a few men of talent aided Theodore because they preferred a more elaborate ritual or sought a wider field for their ambition. A united Church and a continental archbishop attracted equally, though from far different motives, men like Biscop and like Wilfrid. By the efforts of all these the ground was prepared for The-

¹Theodore's action and its motives are discussed in the articles cited in Note 1. Here, therefore, the facts only are stated.

odore, whose personal character and abilities commended him to all. But perhaps he won the favor of clergy and laity less by this than because he came from Rome. They could not be jealous of the chair of Peter, they had as yet no cause to fear and much to love the "threshold of the apostles." In this feeling the Scots and their Northumbrian converts were in no way behind the men of Wessex and Kent.¹ That the pope should send them Theodore seemed an honor that called for their gratitude. What measure of subjection or subordination was involved in accepting him neither clergy nor laity paused to consider, and had they done so they would have felt, and justly, that they could guard their own liberties if they should be assailed. Rome of the seventh century had neither the spirit nor the power that came to her from the Carlings, who did but follow the example of Oswy, giving to the popes the same place in their policy that Canterbury played in his.

The Church of England now enters a new era. It has risen above the varying fortunes of petty states and beckons the nation to political union. In the Church the people first forgot that they were Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, and learned that they were Englishmen. Political supremacy had passed from state to state and brought jealousy and discord in its forced and transient union. The brotherhood of the Christian faith softened the evils of civil strife and laid the foundation of a united kingdom. The primacy of Canterbury over Northumbria hardly survived Theodore, and its power in the South was varying and ill-defined. The wishes, and even the supposed opinions of Rome, were not always respected. And yet, from this time on, as never before, the English Church felt that it was united in spirit and aims and worthy to claim its place in Western christendom with the sister Churches of Gaul and Italy.

The Church had won the battle of the faith, but it had still to pursue a retreating enemy. Little more than two genera-

¹ See "Church Eclectic," February, 1891.

tions had passed since the Roman missionaries landed at Thanet. Those whom Augustine baptized as children may have greeted Theodore on his return from his triumphant progress. In less than seventy-five years every English prince had been converted and the faith had been preached in every English kingdom. But though Christianity ruled, heathenism was dead in no part of England. In Kent outward conformity was probably general. In the larger kingdoms, Northumbria and Mercia, there was more earnest faith, but, as was natural, more heathen survivals. Essex harbored a powerful pagan party. In Wessex Christianity was not yet the popular faith, and in Sussex it had made but feeble beginnings. Yet, on the other hand, the Christians had no serious rivals. Where they were weakest, heathenism, as an organized religion, was still weaker. Essentially local, it could not bear transplantation from its continental home, and when the missionaries laid the axe at the root of the tree it was already rotten at the core.

But the weakness of paganism was not the only essential factor in the speedy triumph of the missionaries. Moral law was as much the bulwark of civil order in the seventh century as in the nineteenth. When the Saxon tribes settled in the provinces they had conquered, the English kings felt immediately the instability of their followers whom they could lead to victory but not to peace. Some indeed were not sobered by the responsibilities of conquest. Others, such as Ethelbert, Edwin, and Oswald, had seen in the new faith not alone the religion of the future, but the hope of the present order. They looked to it to consolidate their influence at home and strengthen their power abroad. Therefore they urged the faith on their own people and encouraged it in subject princes. In every English kingdom this active support of the kings had been from the first the essential condition of missionary success. When it was temporarily withdrawn the Roman missions languished or were abandoned, and in the north the Church owed as much to Oswald as to Aidan, to Oswy as to Chad.

Both Christian kings and Christian missionaries were necessary to the conversion of England and it is idle to contrast their merits when each was so largely dependent on the other. The churchmen of later days naturally magnified their order. A more just apportionment of their praise serves also to explain their success.

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dience," says Bede, put Sexulf in his stead, but did not immediately proceed to divide this see nor Essex where he appointed Erconwald to succeed Wini. In Wessex the state was too discordant to brook division in the Church, and on Leutherius' death (676) Heddi took the undivided see.

Meantime the new national spirit that the church was fostering had received a striking illustration. The Mercian king had been devastating Kent, and Bishop Putta, true to the tradition of Justus and Paulinus, escaping the danger, "made no effort to recover his see," but "turned to Sexulf of Mercia," the very country to which he owed his misfortune. And so much did Sexulf think the Church above political quarrels that he made the fugitive welcome and suffered him to become the first bishop of Hereford.

We have seen that throughout southern England Theodore met with ready obedience even to arbitrary measures. When he turned to Northumbria he met a man of his own unbending temper. But even here he found royal and popular support in a course that drove Wilfrid from Northumbria, and divided that state into three dioceses to which he could add two others three years later.

Theodore had hardly completed this reorganization when he was called upon to allay a furious strife between Mercia and Northumbria over the possession of the border land, Lindsey. King Egfrid had been driven from the southern kingdom by his sister's husband, Ethelred. But Theodore's intervention checked his purposed revenge with an authority that no English bishop had yet ventured to assume. With wonderful versatility the old Greek monk had grasped the principle of Teutonic law, so radically different to the Roman, and he turned it most skillfully to his purpose. Egfrid's special grievance was that the Mercians had killed his brother, but in popular estimation a fine could atone for any crime. Egfrid was induced to accept a *wergeld* for his brother and leave Lindsey to the Mercians who in their turn banished Wilfrid from their kingdom, which placated Egfrid and did not displease Theodore.

The division of Northumbria laid the axe at the root of the tree. Sexulf, till then sole bishop of Mercia, suffered from the expulsion of Wilfrid, whose cause was his own. Perhaps he had aided him more than was prudent. At any rate he was now constrained to assent to the division of Mercia into five or possibly six sees. The early records of these dioceses are most scanty, but it is worth remark that the new bishop of Lindsey was Ethelwin, whose Irish education (Bede iii. 27) would not have commended him to Theodore had there been material differences in doctrine or discipline between his Church and theirs as has been hastily assumed by some. On the other hand a pilgrimage to Rome seems to have been the chief title to promotion for Othfor whom Wilfrid consecrated to Worcester in 692. Theodore's division of Mercia was not final, however. The sees of Lichfield, Hereford, Worcester, and Lindsey remained. Leicester was temporarily and Dorchester permanently abandoned.

The monothelite controversy called Theodore from his work as peacemaker and organizer to assert the orthodoxy of England. Pope Agatho had sent the Arch-Cantor John with decrees of a council held under Pope Martin (649), bidding him report at Rome on the faith of the English Church. These decrees asserted the two natural wills and energies of our Lord, and the pope desired the support of even the extreme West in his great controversy with the East.

Under the guidance of Biscop who was then again at Rome John reached England and Theodore summoned his second pan-Anglican council to accept rather than to consider the papal decrees. The council dates itself from the reigns of the kings of Northumbria, Mercia, East-Anglia and Kent. Sussex was not recognized as a Christian power, so that Wilfrid who was then there took no part, though absence may have been his choice here as at Hertford. The anarchy of Wessex allowed it no part in the council, Essex was no longer a kingdom. The council accepted the five councils and Martin's decrees, and closed with a profession of faith noteworthy for the presence of the *filioque* which was not contained in Pope

Agatho's exposition of the faith put forth the year before. It has been suggested that this clause was smuggled in by Adrian whose African birth would account for Augustinian leanings and a willingness to follow Spanish councils which had inserted the clause almost a century before (A.D. 589). But surely no innovation escaped Theodore's notice or was made against his will. His theosophy might not be averse to the statement, while Adrian had been sent not to procure innovation, but to prevent it.

During the last ten years of his life (680-690) Theodore could watch in peace the growing power of his Church, and especially of its monasteries which were becoming more and more recognized centres of Church life. His days were passed in peaceful dignity at Canterbury though his vigor seems undiminished to the last and he kept in touch with the most distant parts of his archdiocese. This appears in his efforts to secure an honorable return for Wilfrid after the death of the Northumbrian king had removed its chief obstacle, efforts distorted by Wilfrid's biographer, Eddi Stephanus, into a senile apology for a wrong he had never committed.¹

In taking leave of this great man it is fitting to pass in brief retrospect the changes that he wrought and that were wrought in his time in England. They were great and decisive in every sphere. Oswy almost touched that supremacy which no English king had yet grasped, but Theodore lived to see Northumbria in hopeless confusion and exhaustion. Picts pressed her on the north, Mercians on the south. But Mercia was weaker now than she had been under Wulfhere, and though she still exercised an undefined hegemony in Essex and East Anglia, it was Wessex that now enjoyed the prestige of recent success and growing power. Wessex already controlled Sussex and was soon to absorb Kent. So careful an observer as Theodore might see in Ine the promise of Egbert and Alfred.

In these political changes the Archbishop seldom took an

¹ See "Historical Review," 1891, and "Church Eclectic," March, 1890.

active part. He felt that his office was to build up and rejuvenate the English Church, to make it stand above sections and parties, so that by its example the English might learn a more national policy and a wider patriotism. In this his work can hardly be overestimated. He came to England at an age when most are ready to lay aside the burden of life; he found it in ecclesiastical anarchy, but two sees worthily filled, a third in simoniac hands, the rest vacant. When he died, sixteen bishops owned the supremacy of Canterbury. His coming, too, was most opportune. Even his great gifts would have found his task impossible before the barrier between north and south had been broken by the conversion of Mercia, and ritual agreement secured by the synod of Whitby. His own iron will needed the support of Oswy who was the first to see in a united Church the promise of political union. He found a remarkable group of contemporary English churchmen. Chad, a bright survival of an older system, and among the reformers Cuthbert and Hilda, Bishop and Wilfrid, were talented and in the main sympathetic helpers. Yet after every allowance is made, the services of Theodore seem only the more inestimable.

The dioceses once changing with the fortunes of war were now, save in Wessex, of fixed and manageable size. They found their limits in the ancient tribal distinctions of the settlers, rather than in geographical boundaries, and thus the Church adapted itself once more to the Teutonic spirit and the national life. Theodore seems to have been the first in England to ordain priests and deacons to serve in set places. Thus he strengthened the ties that bound Church and people together, though we see from Bede's last letter to Egbert that this system was not universal in Northumbria even as late as 734. Those were outward reforms, but his work did not end there. He compiled for his clergy a manual of penitential discipline that served for centuries as a model for imitation both in England and on the continent, and his zeal for education made the school at Canterbury a worthy rival of the monastic seminaries in Ireland.¹

¹Aldhelm compares them. Ep. 3 in Migne's *Patrologia*, lxxxix. 94-95.

What would have become of the English Church without him? And yet who could have hoped great things from this old man, chosen as a last resort, drawn as it seemed by chance from a monastic retreat, sent among strangers whose ways were as foreign to him as their language, into a land of civil strife and not yet wholly Christian? He brought order from chaos, he set up and pulled down, he held councils, and made the voice of his Church heard in the catholic world and stayed the feuds of princes by his presence. And none save Wilfrid raised a voice of protest, for when he was most arbitrary they saw the earnest purpose and foresaw the good result. And yet the smallest matters were not too lowly for him. While he ordered parishes and governed monasteries, he himself taught the rudiments of science and language in the school that he founded and compiled in his hours of study a manual of confessional law. And as he stands alone, so he lay alone in his grave, for the porch where his predecessors lay was filled and Theodore was the first to find a resting place within St. Peter's Church, whose abbot, Adrian, might well look with satisfaction on the memorial of the man his insight had given to England.

MODERN SPANISH FICTION.

ONE of the most marked features in the Southern renaissance, if one may use this word, of the new birth of literary and scholarly aspirations in a country that has long been compelled to turn its strength to more pressing needs, is the growing interest in the language and literature of our Southern neighbors, the Spanish Americans, who are producing far more of permanent literary value than many, even of the well-read among us, are wont to suppose. Nor is this unnatural, for though close at hand to us geographically, they are removed from us politically and commercially by barriers that prove harder to pass than the broad Atlantic. They know less of us and we of them than is known in England or Germany. Yet there is, as has been said, the promise of better things. Spanish is now taught in many institutions where but ten years ago it was quite unknown, classes are growing in size, and greater demands are made on our instructors. It is therefore a timely, and not ungracious task, to direct the attention of Southern scholarly men to the development of that branch of Spanish literature which is in closest touch with the people of to-day—that is, fiction in the form of the novel and of the short story, a form that under the influence of the public school and the cheapening of printing has quite taken the place of the theatre in popular estimation in Spain.

The chief factor in this comparatively recent popularization of the Spanish novel is its frank conversion to the ideals and methods of the realistic school, not indeed in its extreme form, as we see it in Zola's *Roman Experimental*, but yet in a healthy and conscious revolt against the strained romanticism of Hugo and his decadent followers.

The founder of this modern school was a woman, Cecilia Bohl de Faber, more widely known by her pseudonym, Fernan Caballero, who died in 1877 at the ripe age of eighty.

It is significant to note that her father was a German by birth, though thoroughly identified by residence and marriage with Spain. This stood the daughter in good stead, for though a thorough Spaniard in spirit, she could not but profit from the familiarity with English, French, and German that her father's wide culture induced him to seek and that his vigilance enabled him to obtain for her. Indeed, her first story, a story that will mark an epoch in Spanish literary history, was written first in German, though immediately translated into Spanish. This novel, *La Familia de Alvareda*, won the high praise of our countryman, Washington Irving, who was minister to Spain at that time, and it deserved it both for its bold initiative and for its intrinsic worth. In it Caballero broke once and for ever with the tradition of Fernandez y Gonzalez and the others, who copied from Hugo and Sue whatever they were capable of copying—that is, chiefly their faults. We leave with her those revels of drunken imagination, and though we are perhaps less disturbed, we are surely more “delighted, raised, refined” by this first of Spaniards who dared to make her pen tell what her eyes saw. That indeed had been the trouble with Spanish fiction and drama from the first. It had been artificial, consciously so, and gloried in its artificiality. For the fantastic “light that never was on sea or land” Caballero substituted the daily sun of the Andalusian plains, roads, paths, churches, and ruins, that many of her readers had visited and that all might find with her book for a guide; and on this foundation of fact she built up a faithful, loving study of Andalusian peasant life, all the more charming because it rejects the meretricious ornament of outlandish dialect, whose baneful influence can be studied nearer home.

It is true she never quite emancipated herself, she is not quite sure that others will appreciate what is best to her mind. An extravagant situation is admitted once and again; and it would be more generous than just to attribute the mawkish moralizing of certain passages to a desire to represent the religion of the peasants which, however it may have

been superstitious, was not sentimental. And yet her critics have perhaps exaggerated this defect and doubtless there are many pious souls to whom it will seem no defect at all, and that not in Spain alone. Are there not many thousands, not nursed in Spanish nor Roman Catholic cradles, whose stomachs feel no qualm at the curdled milk of George MacDonald?

The public in Spain was not slow to recognize its liberator, and her second story, *La Gaviota*, which appeared as a serial in a Spanish newspaper, aroused a general enthusiasm. This, too, is an Andalusian tale, but, as its name implies, of fishermen and the sea. Such also is *Lágrimas*, and many others, the greater part of which, by the way, are readily accessible in the collection of Spanish authors published by Brockhaus in Leipzig.¹

Caballero had so obviously struck the popular taste that it was natural that she should find imitators who should try to do for other parts of Spain what she had done for Seville and Andalusia. Larra's vivid sketches of Madrid life, published under the name of "Figaro," in the words of a recent Spanish critic, are "embalmed in the precious myrrh of truth." They are the legitimate product of the impulse of Caballero, and live to this day because they are true to life.² But the real successor of Caballero in the field of fiction is De Trueba, who was for a long period the most popular of Spanish novelists both at home and abroad.³ He does not

¹At Mk. 3.50 a volume in paper or Mk. 4.50 in cloth. The stories published in this series are: No. 1, *Clemencia*. No. 2, *La Gaviota*. No. 5, *La Familia de Alvarada*, *Lágrimas*. No. 8, *Cuentos y Poesías Populares Andaluces*. No. 13, *Relaciones*. No. 16, *Elia*, *El Último Consuelo*, *La Noche de Navidad*, *Callar en vida y perdonar en Muerte*. No. 17, *Cuadros de Costumbres*. No. 20, *Cuatro Novelas*. No. 23, *La Farisea*, *Los dos Gracias y otras Novelas escogidas*. No. 32, *Un Verano en Bornos Cosa Cumplida*, *Lady Virginia*. No. 40, *Cuentos, Oraciones, Adivinas y Refranes populares e infantiles*.

²Two of Larra's newspaper articles may be found in Knapp's Spanish Readings (Ginn & Co.), a book of very considerable value to those who desire to acquaint themselves briefly with the literary activity of Spain in the past half century.

³A considerable number of De Trueba's novels are readily accessible in

mark, however, as great an advance on Caballero as might have been hoped for. Like the title of one of his books his stories are all apt to be *color de rosa*. He is too much an optimist to be a truthful painter of country life, and there is an idyllic note of the artificial pastoral that jars sadly with his peasants' native simplicity and the humor that smacks of mother earth. Caballero could have taught him that country life was not paradise.

José Maria de Andueza brings us back to nature again. His "Spaniards painted by themselves" (*Los españoles pintados por sí mismos*) is perhaps as good a piece of character drawing, of careful study of the peculiarities of the common people, as one is likely to find anywhere. Quite his equal is Pereda, often called the Teniers of Spanish Fiction, and not unjustly, so minute and painstaking is his delineation of life in the narrow sphere with which he had a life-long uninterrupted acquaintance, for so far as the writer can learn he never left his native province of Santander.

Yet while his predecessors had dealt mainly with the country, he is the first to make careful studies of city life. *Pedro Sanchez* is a journalistic novel, representing the fourth estate in its glory of revolutionary tumult. But it was not here that Pereda achieved his greatest success or left the deepest mark on the rising school of fiction. For this we must look to such novels as *Sabor de la Tierruca* or *Sotileza*, the former a story of life in the uplands, which he invests with a certain majestic calm; the latter a story of fishermen and the sea. Both apt to puzzle the foreign reader at times by their faithful imitation of an untutored dialect, but so true to nature that it exercised an irresistible charm on the public and successfully quelled the opposition of the purists who saw the Dictionary of the Academy treated with shocking disrespect by the street gamins and country lads.

Yet it is probable that Pereda owes more fame to his short

Brockhaus' collection: No. 6, *El libro de los Cantares*. No. 9, *El Cid Campeador*. No. 10, *Las Hijas del Cid*. No. 18, *Cuentos Campesinos*. No. 19, *Cuentos Populares*. No. 20, *Cuentos de color de Rosa*. No. 33, *Narraciones Populares*.

stories than to his novels. These sketches are as astonishing in their range as in their minuteness. The best are perhaps those collected under the title, *Tipos y Paisajes*. In these, more than in the novels, Pereda was the efficient continuer of the work begun by Caballero. He was in many ways an anticipation of Zola, in the photographic accuracy of his descriptions and the careful study of the language of his characters. In this way his work has proved a beacon to his successors, and Galdós, one of the greatest of them, in no way exaggerates when he says, "Some of us owe to Pereda all that we are, and all of us owe him more than is commonly thought."

This praise has the greater significance when we realize the place that Galdós holds in the minds of Spaniards of today. Indeed, since 1880 there has been hardly any to question his pre-eminence won by ten years of hard and varied literary toil. Though a thoroughgoing realist, he has given us two cycles of historical novels which, somewhat after the manner of Tolstoi's War and Peace, take us through the Napoleonic wars and their sequel of unrest—the former a period on which Spaniards dwell naturally with pride and one lending itself with peculiar ease to the purposes of realistic fiction, which needs no art but nature to exceed the imagination of romance in the wild life of this conquered country and unconquerable people. Galdós has seized on the most dramatic elements in these dramatic years, and if at times he has passages, chapters, and even volumes that are wearisome, he never fails at the critical point to give us pictures of surprising breadth and great power. We need instance only the vivid minute panorama of Trafalgar, the thrilling defense of Sarragosa, and the capitulation of Bailen. His character sketches, too, are strong and clear cut. Napoleon, Wellington, Nelson, Ferdinand VII., and the rest, stand out sharply differentiated, and if the conception is not always in accord with the latest data of historical research one can only say *si non é vero é ben trovato*, and be well content.

It is probable that the foreign reader will be most attracted to this side of Galdós work, but he should not neglect for this score of volumes the less numerous studies of Madrid life, where the author's power as a realist is given freer scope. Perhaps nowhere is the varied life of the Spanish capital so clearly painted nor so faithfully, nor yet so entertainingly, for with intense application and keen instinct of observation Galdós combines an easy style, where wit vies with grace and fluency for the mastery, and the reader is borne along almost without effort on the current of the author's genius.

With Galdós we are brought to the present time, but he has had, and has still, many contemporaries of no mean merit, and at least two younger rivals who may perhaps equal if not surpass him. To the earlier period belong José Selgas and Ramon de Mesonero Romanos, who rather lagged behind than assisted the realistic movement. A curious and melancholy interest attaches also to another author who has fallen from the ranks of the new school, Pedro Antonia de Alarcón, a man of singular talent, but of an unfortunate sensitiveness to criticism which of late years condemned him to silence, if indeed it did not actually affect his brain. He has been called by a recent Spanish critic of great merit, Señora Bazan, a living bridge connecting the romanticists with the realists. The simile is most apt. He began his literary career very early with such fantastic work as *El final de Norma*, avowedly romantic, and, as is wont to be the case with a school in its decadence and nearing its end, exaggeratedly so. These tales, however, revealed great powers of dramatic narrative and gave the firm foundation for his literary career that Señora Bazan would liken to one pier of the literary bridge. Then followed some years of active military and political service, and when he next returned to literary work it was to place a second foundation on the other side of the literary stream which his mind had crossed under the maturing influences of the active life in which he had played no small part. His new work showed, too, that he

had a firm footing on the new ground. He broke his long silence with a novel, *El Escandalo*, which was indeed a scandal and a seven days' wonder in Spain. The result of the political disorder had been the undermining of the religious life and a spread of the mephistophelian spirit of mocking denial. This tendency, in which he recognized the canker worm of national character, he attacked with all his powers in a story that chained the attention by its literary merits and its dramatic interest. He had the courage to espouse this unpopular cause in two further novels, but fiction with an ulterior end is seldom of superior excellence, and there will be few who will not gladly pass by these to delight in "Captain Veneno" and "The Three-Cornered Hat" (*El Sombrero de Tres Picos*), the latter a new and already classical version of an old tale, the more welcome as Spanish folklore has yet to seek its Grimm, who would, it might seem, find as rich a harvest here as among the German peasants if he would bring a like love and patience to the quest.

Such tales disarmed criticism, but Alarçon seems to have preferred to go back to the old field and naturally brought the critical pack to his heels again. This is the more strange as he resented the criticism which he had invited and must have anticipated, so bitterly, that, like Racine and Corneille, he threw down his pen in disgust, and until his death last year could not be persuaded to emerge from an almost hermit solitude.

It is perhaps worth while to note in passing two novelists of minor merit and of contrasted character. Oller, who has made his task a minute study of artizan life and of Catalonia, a country and people so different in its language and character from the rest of Spain that it aspires to a literature of its own, and Becquer, who has been called the Spanish Edgar Poe. Like him he died young, like him he was a poet whose verses owe their chief title to existence to their remarkably morbid introspection, and like him he is the author of some short stories whose very considerable merit would secure more general recognition if their weird, unbri-

dled imagination did not make them jar on the critical taste of a public trained in realism till they cannot digest these flights of fancy without mental dyspepsia. But Becquer stands apart. He has no following, and is only a small eddy in the current of Spanish fiction, whose course we must now follow.

So far as is known to the writer the only modern Spanish novel published in the United States is a little story by Juan Valera, *Pepita Jiménez*.¹ Graceful this story certainly is, but it is unfortunate that it should be presented to the American public as a specimen of Spanish fiction, for that it certainly is not. It is essentially idealistic, and Spanish fiction and Spanish taste are at present essentially realistic, though it cannot be denied that the story achieved an immediate and wide success in Spain, which, however, was not the lot of his other novels. In fact, Valera is in the main a critic, and his critical essays² show his talents to much better advantage than his novels, as indeed he himself frankly confessed, and it is to this field that he has confined himself in recent years.

It remains to speak of two younger writers to whom one may look with confidence to maintain and carry on the traditions of the school of Pereda and Galdós. The chief of these has been Valdés, though perhaps at the present moment many would be disposed to give the palm to a woman, Señora Bazan, whose critical essays have been of much assistance to the writer of this paper.

Armando Palacio Valdés, like Oller, is from the north of Spain, and his earlier novels deal naturally with this region. He is for the Asturias what Valera and Caballero are for Andalusia, what Galdós is for Madrid. Later on he has been encouraged by success, and especially by translation to at-

¹Appleton & Co. *Edicion Americana ilustrado*, \$1.25; *Edicion Economica*, 50 cents.

²One of them, *De la Perversion Moral en la Espana de nuestros días*, has been printed in Knapp's Spanish Readings (Ginn & Co.), and affords a good idea of his exquisite style.

tempt the life of the capital. Nearly all his novels have appeared in English, and he is, no doubt, better known to English readers than any other modern novelist of Spain, perhaps better known even than he deserves to be. He has had more business shrewdness than most of his contemporaries. The profits of literary success in Spain at the best are very small. Even such a "hit" as *Pépita Jiménez* is said to have paid its author but some four hundred dollars. The foreign market, if it can be worked up, pays better, and Valdés has known how to rouse that taste for novelty that always possesses our literary Athenians. We like to be carried to ancient Rome and rejoice to struggle with the documentary evidences of an Egyptian princess. The most popular stories of the present day seem to be those that deal with countries or social strata with which the readers have least acquaintance. Our cosmopolitan taste had been stimulated by translations from the French and German, and Tolstoi had taught us to look still farther a-field for an intellectual fillip. Here was Valdés' chance, and he improved it well both for England and in France and Germany. But one result of this is that he no longer writes for an audience that can check the truth of his fiction by their own experience. Rather he is writing for an audience who expect him to produce something different from other men and nationalities. Hence he is prone to exaggerate local color and his natural gift of humorous description sometimes verges on caricature. In this regard he may be more justly compared to Dickens than any of his predecessors. No student of Dickens could get from his novels an adequate or a just picture of English life, and Valdés has not given us a just picture of Spanish life in his later novels. But it would be idle to deny their power and merit. He is certainly first in wit among Spanish writers to-day, and shows no signs of failing vigor. Yet many readers will still prefer his earlier manner and find in *José* and *El Cuarto Poder* more of genuine value than in the work done for the foreign public and more immediately accessible to them.

Our account of modern Spanish fiction began with a woman. Caballero first broke the bonds of Romanticism; Señora Bazan is, it seems to the writer, the leader of literary Spain to-day. We shall, perhaps, describe her best by a comparison with George Eliot, which indeed has suggested itself to many and has several limitations obvious enough to those who know her work. Señora Bazan is the most learned woman in Spain, one of the most learned Spaniards of her day, and she is one on whom learning sits lightly; she is no David in Saul's armor. Her historical and philosophic studies are admirable, surprising, perhaps, when one considers her nationality; but we should not be too hasty in such a judgment. Spain may be backward, but we may remember that the middle ages were quite as well disposed to the higher education of women as the Europe of to-day.

Madame Bazan did not win her literary laurels as a writer of fiction. She entered these lists some ten years ago as a scholarly writer of recognized merit. But she has been steadily productive in this field, and seems likely to give it her best talents in the future. Galicia, her native province, first claimed her attention, and nowhere can there be found a more just appreciation of that strange life that must remain hidden even from the most attentive tourist. Later, like Valdés, she has withdrawn more and more from her native heath to the capital. Her stories have become longer and of a more tragic cast, but always vivid, lively, and true, and not seldom lighted up with flashes of wit, enlivening a style which yields only to that of Valera.

Other writers there are of promise, among whom it may be just to signalize the Jesuit Father Coloma, but enough has been said to show that Spain has a vigorous school of naturalistic fiction that shows no signs of decay. Its faults are those that seem inseparable from this school, an anxious heaping up of details, a meticulous accuracy which often sinks into prolixity and a disposition to ticket each personage with a list of his characteristics, as though he were a tree in an arboreum. Perhaps this is inevitable if we are to

have psychological studies in the form of fiction. At any rate, we find it gaining rather than losing ground in France and Germany, where this form of fiction is most cultivated.

Alfred Morel-Fátio, writing for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* his singularly unsympathetic account of Spanish literature, graciously allows that the novel "is incontestably the triumph of contemporary Spanish literature; it is almost the only form of composition that actually lives with a life of its own and makes steady progress." This is true, far truer than another statement of the same author, that every species of Spanish composition "either bears unmistakable traces of imitation of foreign models, or shows (more or less happily) the imprint of the older literature of the seventeenth century." Modern Spanish fiction is certainly in no sense derived from the seventeenth century. It differs wholly from the novels of that day both in what it does and in what it tries to do. No more is it an imitation of the French. Chronology alone suffices to prove that. The Spanish movement is contemporary with, sometimes even precedes, the French. They travel much the same path, as is natural, since they start from much the same point, and they have reached much the same goal, though Spain has been spared the extravagances and much of the indecencies of the Parisian décadents. There is a good deal of healthy conservatism in Spain, and with such critics as Valera and Bazan we may well look confidently to a long career of healthy progress in the future for Spanish fiction.

It is natural that the literary movements of Spain should find their reflection in Spanish America, whose literary life deserves, and we trust may shortly receive in these pages, an independent critical study.

EARLY PIRACY AND COLONIAL COMMERCE.¹

THERE have been few phases of American history, either in colonial times or under the constitution, which have been so persistently neglected as that of the exploits of the pirates during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of their depredations on the commerce of the colonies, especially those of the South. There have been many students of early American commerce, and not a few valuable works have been put forth from time to time on the subject; but not one of these students has treated the history of the pirates with the consideration due it. The oppressive navigation laws of every period from the days of the Rump Parliament to the outbreak of the American Revolution, have been discussed and reviewed from every standpoint, but no one has recognized the importance of the piracies which were in a large measure the outgrowth of these very laws to which so much attention has been given. Characters that really played a prominent part in the American history of those early times, have been by common consent relegated to the rôle of heroes of mediocre, blood-and-thunder novels. A well known English writer but a few months ago undertook a review of Captain Charles Johnson's little read "History of the Pyrates," and instead of directing the attention of historians to this new and interesting field, contented himself with commending Johnson's unique old volumes to the perusal of

¹The chief authorities relied on in this article are the North Carolina Colonial Records; Memoranda of documents in the London State Paper Office in the South Carolina Historical Society Collections, Vols. 1 and 2; Hewat's History of South Carolina; Rivers' Early History of South Carolina; Statutes of the Realm; South Carolina Statutes at Large; South Carolina Commons House, and Council Journals (MS.); and Johnson's History of the Pyrates. The last named work was at first approached with some trepidation, but when it was compared with contemporary MS. records, it was found to be remarkably accurate in even the smallest details. The edition used was the first, published about 1726. The later editions are not so reliable.

Mr. W. Clark Russell, and the no less sensational Robert Louis Stevenson.

The few historians who have condescended to touch the subject at all, have not considered it of sufficient importance to warrant any original research, but have consented in every instance to the use of second-hand materials, and the result has been that they have fallen into repeated errors. A notable case of this is the expedition against the celebrated pirate Richard Worley, which was successfully led in person by Governor Robert Johnson, of South Carolina. In his "History" Charles Johnson gave a very inaccurate account of the circumstances, and every historian from that day to this, including every one of the accepted American authorities, has followed his error, although a glance at the Vice-Admiralty Court records, which are easily accessible, would have corrected it in a moment. The same thing is to be remarked in regard to the blockading and laying under tribute of the port of Charles-Town, S. C., by Edward Thatch. Charles-Town was at that time (1718) one of the first ports of the new world, and it would seem that this was an event of sufficient importance to guarantee its being stated at least without inexcusable errors. But half the accounts give Stede Bonnet as the hero of this bold exploit, whereas he was scarcely more than a privileged prisoner on Thatch's vessel when the outrage occurred. These are only a few of the instances where flagrant error has been accepted as historic truth; many other occurrences which caused great excitement both in the colonies and in mercantile circles in England at the time have been entirely passed over by later historians.

The appearance of pirates on the coasts of America was coeval with the earliest settlements in the new world, and to secure a complete view of their history, we have to refer to conditions which existed far back in the middle of the sixteenth century. But these piracies are not to be considered as a part of those which enter so largely into the commercial history of the North American colonies, or those of the South to which we propose to speak more particularly. At that

time the English colonies had not yet been planted, and it was from the founding of these that the occurrences of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which had so great an effect on commerce, date. Many of the earliest settlers were adventurers, not in the then honorable meaning of that term, but in the strictest latter-day disreputable sense. The countries of Europe when anxious to rid themselves of turbulent elements, offered special inducements to the objectionable individuals to emigrate. By England in particular was this custom practiced, and the better classes in the colonies frequently complained of the unloading of the refuse population of the mother-country on their shores. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that bold, bad men with criminal propensities, if not genuine outlaws, flocked to America as a field in which they could indulge their evil natures with comparatively little interruption, and it was this class that fostered the spirit which soon broke forth in all kinds of crime and lawlessness.

It is safe to say that when the English began to settle the southern plantations, the pirates from the Spanish main had for many years been occupying the coasts at their pleasure. Indented as it was by numerous harbors and inlets, it afforded them a safe refuge when pursued by enemies, and was a most available place for refitting and repairing after a cruise. Here, too, they could bring their prizes, and, if ancient tradition be true, bury their treasures. The coast country was a wilderness inhabited only by scattered tribes of savages, and once within the headlands of the spacious harbors, they were protected from interference, and could plot their nefarious schemes at their leisure.

The most powerful of these pirates were men who had entered upon their careers with special commissions from the English government. Ever since before Blake's great victory over the Spaniards, at Santa Cruz, the American seas had been covered with privateers, commissioned to prey upon the commerce of Spain, and for many years, scarcely a month passed without seeing these licensed freebooters sail into the

colonies, their vessels loaded with the spoil of their latest expedition. Not infrequently they would meet with rich prizes, ships of treasure and plate, and on coming into the provinces they would scatter their gold and silver about with so generous a hand that their appearance soon came to be welcomed by the trading classes, and by means of their wealth they ingratiated themselves, not only with the people, but with the highest officials of the government. For many years after the founding of Carolina, most of the currency used in that settlement was the gold and silver brought in by the pirates and privateers from their cruises in the West Indian waters. It is, therefore, not surprising that the colonists should have entertained feelings of friendship for them, and the moral tone of the mass of the inhabitants was not so high that they were particularly shocked at certain rumors that the strangers did not always secure their rich prizes by means that could bear the light of an official inquiry.

In those rude days the line between privateering and piracy was not very strongly marked, and when peace was declared between England and Spain, these bold rovers who had rendered such good service to the Crown in time of war, had no idea of having their occupation taken from them by so small a thing as a treaty patched up between the contending powers. The English government was evidently concerned but little about their depredations as their commissions were not officially revoked until several years later, and the Carolinians with whom they spent much of their ill-got gold, continued to receive them on terms of friendship.

This state of affairs continued for several years until, growing bolder, the privateers, now resolved into pirates by the king's proclamation, began to extend their operations. They no longer confined their depredations to the commerce of his Catholic Majesty, but if they chanced to meet a vessel flying the English colors, they did not hesitate to order her to heave to, and many a time was the ensign of St. George lowered before the black flag. Masters came into London with grievous tales of outrages suffered at the hands of pi-

rates on the high seas, and it was not long before complaints began to be heard in the counting houses of the provincial capitals themselves. At first they attracted but little attention, but by the beginning of the year 1683 they began to assume some definite shape, and to be heard from persons whose position and influence commanded notice. Sir Thomas Lynch, Governor of Jamaica, during this year filed an information with the Lords of the Committee for Trade and Plantations, and a few weeks later the attention of the government was directed to "the great damage that does arise in his Majesty's service by harboring and encouraging pirates" in certain parts of America. Laws were promulgated for the suppression of piracy, but they were little regarded, and when James II. mounted the throne, he found the commerce of the new world suffering severely from the depredations of the outlaws who had established their headquarters in the West Indies, and the more unsettled portions of Carolina. One of the few redeeming features of James's reign was his conduct of naval affairs, and he prided himself that he could easily overcome the difficulty which confronted him. But the task was a far greater one than the weak monarch had anticipated. Years of tolerance, and even encouragement, had inspired the buccaneers with very broad notions of the dignity of their position in the world. The piratical trade of that time had splendid traditions, and the lawless rovers, proud of the record of their predecessors, had grown as bold and insolent as the Barbary monarchs of the African coast. It was not without a glow of pride that they recalled the time when their power had enabled them to turn from the chase of the merchantmen on the seas to the bombardment of fortified ports, and the sack of the rich and populous cities of the Spanish main and their more recent triumphs had filled them with a lawless arrogance which now threatened to drive the English flag from the shores of the new world.

The situation was made far more serious by the fact that many of the highest officials in the colonies were in collusion with the pirates. In 1684 Sir Richard Kyrle, Governor

of South Carolina, died, and Robert Quarry, Secretary of the Province, assumed control of the government without authority from the Proprietors. Quarry was a man of considerable distinction, and had filled numerous offices of trust in the colony. A few months before, it had been recommended that "as the governor will not in all probability always reside in Charles-Town, which is so near the sea as to be in danger from a sudden invasion of pirates," Governor Kyrle should "commissionate a particular Governor for Charles-Town who may act in his absence," and Quarry was suggested as a suitable person for this office. It was this recommendation that made Quarry feel justified in assuming control when Kyrle died, but when he found himself at the head of affairs, his cupidity proved stronger than his honesty. So flagrant was his encouragement of the buccaneers that within two months he was removed from office, and deprived of his regular post as Secretary.

During all this period, the commerce of the southern colonies had been steadily declining. The navigation laws which permitted no merchandise to be carried to or from the colonies in any save English bottoms, and which prevented the exportation of goods to any country save England, had so reduced profits that many of the colonists preferred to raise products which could be disposed of in the province; and the English merchants began to lose interest in settlements which so encouraged the pirates that it was dangerous for any merchant sail to venture along their coasts unless well armed, and manned by a powerful crew. It might appear that the colonists were the greatest sufferers from these conditions, but such was not the case. Restricted as they were by the navigation laws, they were more than pleased to tolerate traders who could afford to sell the products of the world's markets at the lowest figures, since they cost nothing more than a few stout blows which were enjoyed rather than considered a hardship. It paid the Americans to run the risk of losing their outward-bound cargoes when by this toleration they could buy in the cheapest market the world had ever known.

In 1690 the Carolinas reached their lowest commercial ebb. The laws promulgated by James had not been enforced, and the efforts of the home government after the revolution of 1688 were equally futile. The year following the accession of William and Mary, saw James Colleton governor of South Carolina, and with his hands upheld by the Proprietors, he entered upon an administration, the history of which is, in a very modified degree, of course, a marked parallel to the great contest between the King and the Commons which culminated in the great rebellion in England a half century previous. The struggle between the governor and the people had been in progress for some time, when the Proprietors ordered Colleton to convene no more Assemblies without specific instructions, except in case of some extraordinary necessity. As the laws were enacted for a term of only two years, in 1670 the Province found itself without a single statute in force. It had been with the greatest difficulty that the laws against the pirates had been enforced at all, and now that they had all expired by limitation, in a very short time the buccaneers swarmed upon the coast in great numbers, and Carolina bade fair to become the most notorious pirate rendezvous in America. But fortunately a speedy change of government was followed by a re-enactment of the laws, and the colony was spared this shame. The current of events was not easily stemmed, however, and the law was not restored before the pirates had gained a hold on the colony which the most desperate efforts of the government could not shake off. The few who were brought to trial escaped by the most shameless bribery of juries, and the highest officials of the courts were not free from imputations of the most corrupt conduct. The corruption crept into the colonial Assembly, and a strenuous attempt was made to pass a bill for the drawing of juries which was designedly framed to secure the speedy release of all pirate defendants. Failing in this through the interposition of the governor, the friends of the outlaws determined to force their point at the bar of justice itself. "The courts of law became scenes of altercation, discord and confusion,"

says the old historian Hewat, "and bold and seditious speeches were made from the bar in contempt of the Proprietors and their government."

But a brighter future was in store for the province. Much of the turmoil and lawlessness of recent years had been directly traceable to the utopian Fundamental Constitutions which the Proprietors insisted upon enforcing in every impracticable detail, and in 1693 this code which was framed by the great philosopher Locke to be "the sacred and unalterable form and rule of government of Carolina forever," was abrogated. This abrogation marks the turning point in Carolina's early history. Although little immediate improvement is to be noted, the colony was placed in a position where reform could be worked out successfully. The influences which tended to a better condition of affairs, could now have freer play, and nowhere did they manifest themselves so strongly as in the reaction against the pirates which was soon to be witnessed. In November, 1693, Landgrave Thomas Smith became governor, and while his administration was in many points a failure, he did much to hasten a change of public sentiment in regard to the buccaneers, and during this period more than one hardened outlaw was hung in chains at the entrance of the port as a ghastly warning to evil doers. In 1695 John Archdale, one of the Proprietors, came to Carolina armed with all the powers of a dictator, and by a firm and impartial administration he soon placed the colony on a prosperous footing. Commerce, which was so nearly destroyed, began to revive, and several occurrences recorded during the rule of Archdale's successor, Joseph Blake, indicate that the Carolinians were aroused to a sense of the infamy which attached to them from their connection with the pirates, although it is not improbable that they were brought to this mind largely by the fact that they themselves were now suffering from piratical depredations. During the last five years of the century, the colony raised so large a crop of rice that the planters could not find a sufficient number of vessels to convey it across the water. This crop was a profitable one,

and although forced to sell in a single market at prices which were little influenced by demand and supply, the colonists saw that they had opportunities of growing rich from the proceeds of its exportation. Of course the profits depended upon the safe arrival of the staple in England, and the Carolinians began to feel very much outraged when their valuable cargoes were overhauled by the pirates and destroyed. The London merchants who had grown rich in the colonial trade, also heard with consternation of the sack of their vessels on the high seas, and they began to use all their powerful influence to induce Parliament to enact the severest possible laws against the audacious freebooters. Yielding to the pressure, the House of Commons passed an act so merciless in its terms that it soon had the desired effect. The pirates found themselves cut off from many of their convenient rendezvous, and the colonists who were still inclined to harbor and encourage them, were frightened at finding that the late act applied as particularly to them as to the actual perpetrators of the outrages. The preamble set forth that, "Whereas severall Evill disposed Persons in the Plantations and elsewhere have contributed very much toward the Encrease and Encouragement of Pirates by setting them forth, and by aiding, abetting, receiving, and concealing them and their Goods, and there being some Defects in the Law for bringing such evill disposed Persons to condign Punishment," all such persons after September 29, 1700, should be placed on the same footing as pirates, and dealt with in the same merciless manner. A special clause of the act, aimed apparently at New York and South Carolina, also dealt with colonial officers who might refuse to assist the King's officers in the discharge of their duty. It was unnecessary at this time, however, to enact such stringent laws on the latter point, as both of these colonies were ruled by Governors who were the avowed enemies of the buccaneers. The Earl of Bellamont, who had succeeded the notorious Fletcher in New York, and Governor James Moore in South Carolina, were both engaged in stamping out the evil which had existed for so many years, and

assisted by the officials of other colonies, they succeeded in making it so unpleasant for the pirates that they abandoned their old haunts, and for many years the American waters were free from their depredations.

Whatever selfish motives might have actuated this great change of sentiment on the part of the colonists, it must be conceded that they were moved by some nobler ideas than these. Carolina during late years had been advancing in dignity as a colony. She had begun to attract the attention of the world, and the influential men of Charles-Town, the leaders in social and political life, were no longer of the adventurer class that had flocked to her shores thirty years before. The late Governor Blake had brought with him to America a large following of sturdy, honest, middle-class Englishmen, and he and his chief adherents were men of integrity who had come to Carolina with high motives for the extension of the dominion of England, and with a worthy pride in the great future of the new world. The influx of Huguenots, too, had its effect. These people were now well established in the colony under the special protection of the British government, and although they were still regarded with a jealous eye as aliens and intruders, and in some instances had met with political and even religious persecutions, still their numbers and their high moral character had weight. They were of the best element of the French people, and having been driven from their prosperous homes in the fairest provinces of France because they would not yield their consciences to the corrupt and oppressive standards of the age, it was but consistent with their nature to view with abhorrence the toleration of these lawless hordes of sea-robbers. It is true they had as yet but little part in the affairs of state, but they were enfranchised citizens, and the position they were beginning to assume in mercantile circles, was giving them an influence which has been too frequently underestimated. The lawless class in the colony was still numerous and powerful, and its influence in behalf of the pirates was hard to overcome, but the better element was slowly though surely asserting its supremacy.

The men to whom the enforcement of the laws was intrusted were no longer of the degraded type of Robert Quarry and his lieutenants of twenty years before. They were Englishmen with a pride in England, and in the good name of her colonies, and they felt keenly the taunts of the Spaniards that Carolina was the nursery of lawlessness in America. Their best efforts were put forth to redeem the honor of the Province, and, after many years of toil and danger, they witnessed the triumph of their influence, which had so long seemed barren and hopeless. With the new period, Carolina entered upon a new life, and when the seventeenth century dawned, the piracies which had ruined the commerce of some of the richest dependencies of England were a thing of the past, and the colonies—especially the southern provinces—for more than ten years enjoyed an immunity from depredation such as had not been known since the foundation of the English Plantations in America. During the first years of the eighteenth century, Charleston, which had been the harbor of the greatest desperadoes of the western world, strung up pirates at the entrance to the port, scarcely waiting to hurry through the formality of a trial. The Province was able of itself to drive from the coasts any outlaw who, more daring than the rest, might show his colors in those waters; and it was not until more than a decade later that the continued Indian wars so depleted the strength of the colony that the pirates again overran the coast, laid the city under tribute, and for the second time succeeded in accomplishing almost the complete wreck of English commerce in the new world.

[NOTE.—In a subsequent number of this REVIEW will appear an article on the Piracies of the Eighteenth Century and their effect on the colonial commerce of that period. The two taken together, will form a complete, though concise account of this interesting phase of colonial history.—ED.]

THE EDUCATION OF MEMORY.

IT is not to be disputed that nature shows her accustomed partiality in the bestowal of her mnemonic favors, giving a few people great, another few, feeble memories, while leaving most of us to be content with fairly good native powers in this regard. But her part done, the matter is by no means settled; it remains for all men to train and discipline their mnemonic gifts, just as much as it is their duty to develop their muscles, voices, and intellects—if indeed the memory can be in any right sense separated from the intellect. A really bad memory is a sure proof of a serious defect in one's education; and the fault must be charged up, in large degree, to bad educational methods. A memory natively good or bad needs training; the best will not do its proper work otherwise, while the poorest may be made to do fairly well with proper attention to its development. It is hardly too much to say that, assuming the intellectual energies of two persons to be in other respects equal, the one, however, possessing a trained, the other an untaught, haphazard memory, the advantages, in every domain of thought, are as two to one in favor of the former. If this be anywhere within limits, teachers have a grave responsibility in this matter—a responsibility of which they do not seem to be conscious.

The importance of memory, as an intellectual factor, has always been recognized and insisted upon; but teachers have not yet come to understand how easily susceptible of betterment it is under proper treatment—relying, as they do, too much upon “aids” and “helps”—upon tricks of association and memoranda, instead of adopting direct and simple methods of training, such as they would use in developing any other organic instrumentality.

It may be as well to say at once that it is not the object of this paper to advocate any of the numerous systems of artificial mnemonics, ancient or modern. They are all about on

a par with the cunningly devised schemes which start up from time to time to displace the established methods of arithmetic—extremely difficult to learn, and next to useless when acquired. Nor is it here proposed to set forth any newly discovered—any short and easy method. The only object is to emphasize, in the light of modern science, principles long since, and almost uniformly, laid down on the subject by psychologists.

While, then, it is not given to many to have a great memory, it is easily within the reach of most to have a fairly trained and very effective one; and without at least this, one may not hope to do much in any line of thought. Nearly all illustrious men have been greatly indebted to their excellent memories. Sir Francis Bacon had a great memory. He rarely had need to refer to a book once read. Peter Böener says: "He only ordered his chaplain, or me, to look in such an author for a certain place." Ben Jonson, Descartes, Leibnitz, Pascal, the Scaligers, Grotius, Euler, Niebuhr, Mackintosh, Dugald Stewart, Hamilton, and Dean Mansel, all men remarkable in the domain of speculative thought, had uncommonly fine memories. An equally notable list of famous men of action—of famous men of intellect in any domain of life—could be readily made. Great orators and writers are far more indebted to their power to retain, and reproduce freely upon occasion, what they have once learned, than upon their originality and clearness of apprehension. It is certainly not quite the thing to rely upon one's "memory for one's wit," but after all there is a precious little evolved in the world from year to year that is purely original; and the great things accomplished, even by men of wit, are largely due to a fresh and skillful handling of the slowly accumulated and common thought of the world.

There is a great deal of mere memory packing going on in our modern educational methods, especially in elementary work; but the memory is not a mere receptacle to be packed with a mass of facts, as one neatly folds and skillfully bestows goods in a case, or on a shelf. It is a delicate organ-

ism, governed by the law of life—the law of growth and decay—with, no doubt, a physiological basis, closely analogous to that which underlies sense-perception. There is every reason to think that both these psychical powers depend, from the mechanical side, upon the molecular constitution of the masses of nerve-tissue in the cerebral hemispheres; and that these neural groupings undergo rapid and important changes, with more or less permanent readjustments, under the influence of volitional activities. Not that the will can reach them by direct and specific action, for we are not in the least conscious of what these movements are, or where they are; but just as we learn to use the muscular system, little by little, and without the slightest consciousness of what motor nerves we employ, so we have the power to develop by reflex action the brain cells by purposive effort.

Every body knows how immensely the powers of sense-perception can be improved by rightly directed effort. The artist in studying nature readily learns to see what the uncultivated eye is wholly blind to. The musician learns to distinguish notes in a maze of harmonies which the common ear cannot discover; the expert in textile fabrics and the taster in wines acquire marvelously increased powers of differentiation; and so throughout the whole range of the senses and sensibilities.

Now, in the face of the mass of facts brought to light by the physiological psychologists, it is a hopeless task, even if there were any thing to be saved by it, to deny that in all this there are physical changes going on in the neural system, which are the exact mechanical correlatives of the psychical activities. This does not in the least detract from the spiritual side of personality, or in any wise threaten to degrade thought and feeling to mere mass and motion. There was no little alarm felt on this point in the first half of the present century, when the researches of the psychophysicists began to attract the attention of the old-fashioned metaphysicians; but it is quite time for the panic to subside, as indeed it is rapidly doing. The most advanced thinkers,

on the physical side of science, see the chasm between sensation and mechanism with perfect clearness, and admit it with the utmost candor. To show this, it may be well to quote one of the many utterances of Dr. Tyndall on the point. He says:¹

"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all the groupings, all the electrical discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?'"

The office of memory is twofold. In the first place, it must receive and fix impressions, with their time-signs. This is its function of "retention;" and the way it is done, under the physical hypothesis, is by new and measurably permanent molecular adjustments of brain-tissue, answering to sense—or thought—stimulation, somewhat as a sensitized plate fixes the modifications of light when exposed; or as a phonographic cylinder records sounds at the point of the stylus.

But if memory were confined to this one office of registration it would be of no use. It must have the power of restoring to consciousness, with its time-setting, what has previously been an object of thought. It is called, in this office, "recollection" or "reminiscence." The theory of previously imposed molecular conditions in the cerebral areas seems, in a measure at least, to explain this power of recalling the past. If it be true that the physical signs of all past acts of consciousness remain in the brain, relapsing into a quiescent state, it only needs that these latent signs be reanimated, or

¹"Scope and Limits of Scientific Materialism."

somehow quickened to stand out once more in consciousness, and this we may easily think might be accomplished by reflex stimulation, either through a slightly increased blood supply, or from some form of nervous energy. We know, without doubt, through the phonograph, that the physical signs of thought are wrought into inorganic and dead matter, and are actually reproduced by physical means; and why shall we not think that something infinitely more delicate and refined may take place in highly organized, living substance? If this stimulating process in the brain be by volitional effort, we have an act of reminiscence; if the stimulation take place without purposive effort, we have the spontaneous reappearance of previous mental states, sometimes called "suggestion."

Now, whether the physical conditions in all this be granted, or not, we have here at least a working hypothesis which thoroughly accords with the facts. We all know that past acts of consciousness are constantly turning up in our minds without any sufficient explanation, and that we are all the time exercising our power of recollecting the past. But the chief point we have in view is to emphasize the true methods of memory development; and this hypothesis serves the excellent purpose of making plain how such discipline and development must proceed. There can be no reasonable doubt that the memory may be trained, strengthened, and expanded just like any physical organ within the sphere of volition; and that the methods to be adopted ought to be substantially the same. As has been already said, the mnemonic organ in different people is originally different in quality and capacity; but so is the arm. No one will contend, however, that though the biceps, flexors, *et cetera*, of two arms differ originally in mass and quality, vast changes may not be wrought by rightly directed exercise. We must, of course, accept what nature has given us in the original composition and volume of brain and limb; but it is with us and our teachers to say what we shall do with the one and the other. What arm and brain shall prove to be when we arrive at that

stage which should show the highest and best activities must be set down to the manner in which they have been handled.

The responsibility in this regard lies primarily with the teacher, as the training ought to begin long before a child could possibly work out any rational plan for himself. Plainly, it is the business of the teacher, first of all, to understand the nature of the work he has to do, in order that he may not only begin at the earliest stage of education to train his pupils, but that he may teach them the theory of their own psycho-mechanisms, and so show them that education does not consist nearly so much in *gathering* knowledge, as in *developing* the knowledge-gathering instrumentalities. One of the great faults, perhaps the greatest fault of the current system of elementary teaching, is the hours and hours worse than lost in the work of cramming facts and processes into poor little urchins as if they were barrels to be filled. Not only does it go on through the too many hours of appointed school work, but after the children are released from the prison routine of school, and when they ought to go free to make mud pies, they are pounced down upon by a loving, ambitious mother, or maiden aunt, and cramped and worried through other hours of so-called preparation for the next day's school! It is murderous, and often in witnessing the process one feels like calling out for the police.

The power of retention in the mnemonic organ can be greatly developed by proper efforts, without doubt. Attention is an act of the will; and the thing to be arrived at is the habit of clear and distinct apprehension through attention. Mere cramming is not attention, but, on the contrary, leads directly away from it. By the act of grasping firmly an object of thought, it is not alone that a more decided physical sign of the thought is fixed in the brain adjustments, but no doubt the organ itself is made better in that regard; just as, when an object is grasped with more firmness, it is more securely held and the hand itself is strengthened for such work in the future. This is not only not accomplished by going over and over a thing in a dull, monotonous way,

but there is cultivated the habit of denseness and vacuity. One of the best students we ever knew did his studying chiefly off the book. His eyes were not strong, and to save them he used to read over by daylight what he had to master, and at night, with his back to the light, he would go over his work, only referring to the text when it was absolutely necessary. Of course his retentive power was naturally good, but undoubtedly the fact that he expected his memory to do its full work enabled him to read to very different purpose than would have been the case if he had expected to read and re-read with his eyes on the page.

The first thing to be done with a feeble memory is, so to speak, to make friends with and encourage it. It will not do to scorn it, and give it up as a bad lot, resorting to memoranda and artificial make-shifts; but one ought to take it into confidence, bear patiently with it, and if more drastic methods are necessary, become imperative and exacting. Memoranda are well in their way, but their place is not in the disciplinary field. Poetry, dates—any thing may be made the occasion of such discipline. Our own memory—we take leave to say—is a lamentable example of misteaching and neglect; so much so that, as a rule, upon being introduced to a stranger, our long-standing habit of not expecting our memory to do its proper service, masters us, and we shall have forgotten the name before we have had time to walk from one end of the room to the other. This is not the fault of memory, but is our own fault in not using it properly. But while we confess to being the victim of a vicious habit, we feel that we have just grounds to complain that no teacher ever cautioned us about it in our youth.

The reproductive power is also largely a matter of discipline. The well-known law of association, of which so much has been made by the empirical school of thought, must be recognized as a principle in the continuity of the empirical self. Truly stated it is that acts of past consciousness never stand isolated and out of touch with each other; but form a plexus or network woven together more or less closely in groups, so

that the presence of any one such previous state has a tendency to call up others of the group to which it belongs. This obviously finds easy explanation, from the physiological side, in the hypothesis we have been considering, and receives from it additional light as to its *modus operandi*. According to the hypothesis, such plexus is an objective, physical fact, and it only needs, as we have seen, that the physical signs of the past be in some way revived to be once more presented to consciousness, very much as characters written in invisible ink become legible under the action of liquids or heat. We know that this power is indirectly under the control of volition; and the restoration will be the more rapid and distinct as the will more and more exercises its office—with constantly growing capacities for better results. As to how the will manages to find a desired area, there is no more puzzle than as to how it finds the proper nerves to stimulate in speech or locomotion. We have absolutely no consciousness of using any nerves in relaxing or contracting any muscle of the body, and yet every step of the way had to be learned through volitional and tentative effort.

The habit of demanding of the memory rapid and accurate work in reproducing what has been committed to it, is thus of the highest importance. Practically this should be made an object of care throughout one's disciplinary period in all knowledge-gathering processes; but exercises expressly devised for this purpose by the teacher, or self-imposed, would prove very effective. For example, in history, the memory might be called upon, as an exercise, to give a list of kings, in one or more countries, who have usurped thrones; of generals who have acted treacherously; of famous men who have had famous sons, etc. So in literature or science, or in the affairs of every-day life. But all this is sufficiently obvious.

Now, it is to be freely admitted that the training of memory is but one phase of mental development. We have all known people who seemed never to forget anything, and who yet failed to reap any kind of substantial benefit from their

superior powers in this regard. We have in mind at this moment a man with a remarkably tenacious memory, who was a vast reader, and a great talker with an excellent vocabulary; but he could not teach, he could not write, and he could not conduct any sort of business. Nor did his failure seem to be due to a lack of will-power, for he showed great tenacity of purpose and managed to have pretty much his own way. His tastes were refined and highly cultivated; he was not without ambition; and yet he could do nothing. There was an important screw loose somewhere in his make-up, and we have often wondered where it could be. Undoubtedly he lacked the power of coördination—a thing easy to say, and easy to see in most people, but not so easy to define or explain. It is this power of coördination which seems, in most cases, to make the difference between a wise man and a fool; while perhaps a slight failure in this way makes the genius. If one could, so to speak, look in upon the psycho-mechanisms of people—that is, get at them subjectively as one can at the cerebral hemispheres objectively—it is quite likely that as a rule no great differences would be discoverable. It is not probable that the simpleton could be distinguished from the philosopher until the whole system under the control of the will began to act; just as one could by no means tell how much cord-wood could be cut in a day with an ordinary axe until the hand that was to wield it was discovered. With the average mind the capacity to think, if the thought-mechanisms were rightly handled, would not perhaps be nearly so different as we are accustomed to suppose. To illustrate our meaning, if Becky Sharp had been given the 'psycho-mechanisms of Amelia, that enterprising young woman would probably have managed to see the soft places in people's characters, and how to accomplish her little schemes, with measurably the same success she did with her own admirable thinking apparatus. But the point of the present contention is that the thought-instrumentalities undergo rapid developments and so change from day to day, especially in the earlier years of existence, so that one's

power to think (of which memory is such an important factor) is physically bettered or crippled by one's own actions.

The business of the educator lies, without doubt, in the harmonious development of the whole personality, and not in the mere enlargement or transformation of any one, or several of the mechanisms of the self. It lies as much, perhaps more, in the cultivation of the will as in that of the sensibilities and the understanding. Of course we do not pretend to say, and we do not think, that a Newton or a Shakspeare could ever be made out of the ordinary school boy (chiefly, perhaps, because the educator must work from the outside alone by way of stimulation, while the only real work must be wrought from within by self-action), but it is a mere truism to say that vast differences can be wrought in a boy by right handling, as against wrong; and here the real question recurs, What is a right handling, and what a wrong?

The answer would open up the whole subject of education, and therefore must be let go one side, except in so far as it has been touched on already. It is safe to say, however, that a right handling implies all efforts which go to the promotion of a fully developed and harmoniously coördinated self-activity. In the earlier stages, and well along in the educational processes, the object should be, not so much the acquisition of knowledge, as the developing of the knowledge-acquiring powers. Of course all through this disciplinary period much knowledge will be gained; but the mistake is that, as a rule, the object is to learn *things*, while the true end, the development of the intellectual powers, is left to shift for itself. We have a conviction that if the process were turned the other way, and conducted upon true psychological principles, far better results would be attained, with less weariness to the student and in shorter time. We are free to say further that in our opinion there ought to be chairs established in our universities and normal schools, which should be charged, not only with the duty of unfolding to students the principles of proper brain-development, but also

with the conduct of practical exercises in intellectual gymnastics. Such work would show, we doubt not, just as marked results as the trainer of the bodily powers can boast of in muscular development. Students, as a rule, do not know how to study, and many—perhaps, most—never learn.

OUR MISSION IN CHINA.

WHATEVER other claim the Chinese may have upon our time and attention, there is no question in the minds of those who have lived and worked among them, that, they are, as a rule, the most misunderstood people upon the earth to-day. This arises from a variety of causes. They are very far away from us. Only a limited number of them ever come to our shores, and those from the extreme Southern provinces, the Central and Northern Chinese rarely, if ever, leaving their own country, since the popular sentiment both of government and people is very strong against emigration. Then again our environment is different from theirs; we are a modern nation, a Western nation, and a Christian nation. It is not meant by the last statement that we dwell in a land where everyone lives up to the high moral code of the New Testament, but simply that the great forces of evil, which are the same all the world over, are here restrained and held in check by our religion. We are a modern nation, and it is very difficult for us to form a correct opinion concerning the state of things in a nation that has practically stepped at once out of the ages of antiquity into the present. We are a Western nation, we are essentially the product of Roman civilization, or more strictly of the Greek civilization which preceded it; their architecture, their literature, their language, their logic, their very thought color everything in this Western world. When we come to China and the Chinese, we go back and antedate all that is Roman or Greek; so that even the very phraseology that we use when speaking of this Eastern people, is oftentimes erroneous. What do we mean, for instance, when we speak of their civilization, government, education or literature? Are we using the terms in the same sense in which we apply them to our own people and country? The fact that we are not may be illustrated by a single example.

Education, as shown by the very derivation of the word, is "a drawing or leading-out," it is a broadening or expanding of the mind's horizon, it is the storing of a youth's mind with information which is practical and useful, and which shall make him better fitted to enjoy life and all its privileges, and to fill his place successfully among his fellow-men. The Chinese idea of education is exactly the reverse of this. It is not a "leading-out," it is a "leading-in," it is a contracting, a narrowing of the mind, a binding of it as with bands of iron, stultifying it and forbidding its growth. It is as if one took the mind of a child and clamped it in a vise, allowing it to develop, if at all, only in one narrow, lateral direction. It is the cultivation of one faculty alone, that of the *memory*, to the utter exclusion and deadening of all the others. It is not, then, education in any true sense of the word as we understand it, though it may be education as understood by the Chinese.

Again it is almost impossible for us to disassociate ourselves from the atmosphere in which we live. The result of this is that our views of modern paganism or heathen religions are modified to a greater or less extent by the Christian atmosphere through which we see them. What we read of in books of travel, what fascinates us in pictures or sketches of Asiatic religions made by skillful but often self-deceived artists, is not heathenism in its terrible reality, an awful system of tyranny and moral slavery, degrading its poor victims even to the earth, but it is, if the expression may be allowed, a *Christianized heathenism*.

In illustration let us consider briefly the subject of heathen worship. It has been said that as the Christian goes to his Church on Sunday to worship his God, so the heathen goes to his temple on his Sunday—if he has a Sunday—to worship his god, and that the difference between the two forms of worship and the attendant ceremonies is not as great as many have supposed. It is not unnatural that such a view should prevail, for our idea of worship of any kind is almost necessarily colored by our view of the worship of Je-

hovah. But how different is the reality! Christian worship means order and system, and above all things peace and quietness. Heathen worship involves none of these. The writer has stood in a heathen temple and seen gambling taking place directly in front of the high-altar, while quarreling and noisy wrangling were heard on every side even during the most solemn part of the ceremony. Or, again, what is our view of the heathen hierarchy? Is not our view instinctively colored by that which we form of the Christian ministry? In our land the clergy occupy very nearly, if not actually, the highest position in the social scale. We expect that they shall be our leaders and our guides; we demand not only intellectual ability and training, but we demand more than this, a pure and exemplary moral life, to which we shall look up. The heathen priest does not necessarily fill any of these conditions. He occupies not only a low position in the social scale, but his life need not correspond in a single particular with any of the moral teachings which he professes. He is not infrequently the laughing-stock of the people as he passes through the streets. The ranks of his order are recruited from the low and ignorant, and oftentimes the very imbecile, and a Chinese father confesses that if he had a son that was absolutely worthless, he would do one of two things, either put him to death, or allow him to become a candidate for a heathen priesthood.

China has been for ages a locked, a sealed country, practically surrounded on all sides by a great wall of exclusion, such as that which literally bounds it upon its Northern frontier. The world has gone on without it, living its own life, writing its own history, and China has remained stranded upon the shores of time. Given these conditions in any land, what should we expect to find? In a land left for more than twenty centuries practically to itself, we should expect to find a development absolutely unique. It is what we do actually find when we examine this vast land and people to-day. We should expect to find a great national religion of some kind, furnishing the people with those objects of worship which

the human heart in all ages has demanded, and a pantheon of gods for all times and seasons. We should expect to find ignorance of the densest sort as to everything concerning the portion of the world which lay outside such a people's own narrow wall of exclusiveness. We should expect to see, as even among the most savage and degraded of mankind, some form of government: however simple, however crude, a government of some kind there must be. There would also be a certain system of education and training though it might be so narrow and crude as hardly to be recognized as worthy of the name. And lastly, we should expect to find a total absence of anything like a spirit of ambition and progress—but to find instead a spirit of pride, self-sufficiency and conceit—similar to that of the petty ruler of one of the South Sea Islands who, when first visited by a British ship, informed its commander that he considered himself the ruler of all the universe. This is practically what we discover in the great Middle Kingdom to-day, where it is still believed by a large mass of the people that all the world pays tribute to Peking, and that the crowned heads of Europe and America sit upon their thrones only by the gracious permission of the son of heaven.

The whole story of China briefly told—its entire policy, is wrapped up in two short sentences: "Whatever is from within the Middle Kingdom, and of the ancient times is necessarily good; our peace, our happiness and welfare depend upon our clinging to these forever." "Whatever is from without our sacred country, or is of the modern time, is necessarily bad and injurious; the peace of our land, the happiness and well-being of the people are dependent upon our having nothing whatever to do with them."

The time has now come, however, when all this must change. The moment has arrived when China must step out upon the theatre of the world's activity, and take her place among the great nations of the earth. The Russians upon the north, the British upon the west, the French and Dutch upon the south, the Japanese and others upon the east, are

knocking clamorously at her doors. The steamer—the “fire-wheel-boat”—now plows the waters of her inland rivers; the clicking of the telegraph is heard in the palaces of her rulers; the iron horse has already forced his way into her borders, and is waiting to bind the scattered portions of the empire together with links of steel. The ancient war-junk is being replaced by the iron-clad, and the spear and flint-lock of the army are being exchanged for the breech-loading rifle. Old China is slowly but surely passing away, and New China is coming in to take its place. In a grander sense than that ever given to it by the scholars of the empire, the saying of the great philosopher is coming true, “Within the four seas all men are brethren.”

We bear three relations to the Chinese, political, commercial and religious. It is upon the religious only that we now have time to dwell. What is the religious condition of the Chinese people? One thing is certain, they are not anxiously “searching for the truth,” or “eagerly looking for the light.” If they ever were they have long ago given it up. Fully five centuries before the angel song at Bethlehem, Confucius, the master, gave them his code of ethics. He originated nothing. “I only hand down to you the precepts of the ancients,” are his words. His system has been the great power that has held the people together through the centuries. About the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the Emperor, looking through an ancient classic read these words: “The people of the west also have sages.” He called his officers and said to them: “Go, journey westward toward the region of the sunset until you find the teachers of the true and great religion, and bring them back with you to the Middle Kingdom.” They returned and brought with them the dreamy, mystic religion of Gautama Buddha, which has spread itself all through the eighteen provinces. There still remained a longing in the human heart for something that neither of these religious systems gratified, and hence came the development of Taoism, which has furnished the people with a pantheon of gods outnumbering that of Greece and

Rome combined. These great systems have been modified, interwoven, and added to, to such an extent that it is almost impossible to unravel them, and find what really lies at the core. A Chinaman's religion is not so much eclectic as comprehensive. He has practically tried everything in the form of a religion that mortal man has had to offer. He has worshiped everything from the heavens above to the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, and he practically confesses that all religion is a failure. He is the most wonderful illustration upon earth to-day of man's utter inability to find peace and satisfaction for his immortal soul in anything outside the Church of God. He is like the wretched invalid who, smitten with a disease which is incurable, having tried physicians and surgeons innumerable, gives up in despair and asks this one sole favor of his friends, that they will not disturb him, but allow him to finish his life in peace. "You need not come to us to talk about religion; we know all about religion; we have listened to moral teachings of every kind for two thousand years; they are all equally good, and all equally poor," is the Chinese greeting to the missionary of to-day. And so, being utterly unable to appreciate the sacrifice of the Cross, and the life-giving power of a religion based on faith, he naturally attributes the perseverance of the missionary in his work, either to political or commercial or even dishonest motives. "These men are spies in the service of the United States Government;" "these men come here to steal our children and make slaves of our people;" "these men come here to injure us, to poison us—let us rise and drive them out," say the anti-Christian placards on the city walls. It is exactly what might be expected under the circumstances.

Two views of the heathen have been presented even in our own life-time. In the first picture all was dark and gloomy. So utterly without hope, without God, without even a soul was the heathen that there was no need of sending him missionaries, for it was impossible to touch him. Now the pendulum has swung through the long arc, as it usually does in

matters of this kind, and to-day we have the other extreme. The picture now presented is most bright and cheerful in its coloring. So pure and good is the heathen, so much has he been elevated by his own religious system, that he not only does not need the missionary's teaching, but he has very much which from his elevated pedestal he can confer upon the Christian. Where lies the truth, and to whom shall we turn to find it? We turn to the Word of God, which describe the heathen as he was in days of old, and we turn to the man of God who preaches that word in heathen lands to-day. The testimony of the two is a unit, and it is this, that the truth lies midway between the above extremes. The heathen is not all-bad, neither is he all-good, he is, in the grand old expression of the Scriptures which has woven itself through and through the liturgy of the Church, a man "lying in darkness and in the shadow of death." It should be remarked that the missionary of the Gospel speaks so distinctly upon this point because of the peculiar advantages he enjoys for studying the problem. He has broken down that triple wall of exclusion—isolation, language, and race prejudice—which separates the Asiatic from his European brother.

Let us take the first of these two designations, "the man in darkness." One of the first duties of the missionary of the Church returning to his own land and standing up before his own people, is to bear testimony to this, viz.: that the heathen in all that is essential, in all that distinguishes him from the disciple of the Master, is unchanged through the ages. The same to-day in his inner nature—however changed the external—that he was in the days of Rome, and of Babylon, and of Assyria before her. Let us not be misunderstood; we make no sweeping accusation which says that there is nothing good in the heathen world. Bright lights shine here and there through the darkness; Seneca, Socrates, and other seekers after light in profane history, and Cornelius in sacred history, but they are the brilliant exceptions that only prove the rule. The heathen, then, is *in darkness*, or, we may say, *in ignorance*, for the

terms are well nigh synonymous in the Asiatic world. He is in ignorance on the line of the three great relations of man as set forth for all time in the Sermon on the Mount. Prayer, alms-giving, and fasting represent man's threefold relation to himself, his brother man, and his God. The heathen is in darkness on these three.

First, as to himself, he does not know who he is or what he is. He does not understand the origin, the structure, or the organic laws of the mortal body which encloses his soul. It follows as a necessary consequence that he knows nothing of the sanctity of human life, and places little value upon it. So we find him bartering away his life for a few pieces of silver, so we find him regarding suicide as a virtue. So he rows quietly by in his little skiff while his brother man drowns in the river by his side—not a hand or an oar put out to save him. We call it "brutality," we say he is lacking in "common humanity." Not at all; what we mean by that statement is, when we come to analyze it, that he is lacking in *common Christianity*. He is as human as we are, but what he lacks is that refined sense of the value and sacredness of human life which leads us to stretch forth the hand and save our brother, not only from impending death or serious injury, but from the slightest danger or harm that can befall him. And as he knows little of the body, so he knows still less of the soul and its immortal destiny. Glimpses of a life beyond the grave indeed he has. He may live again in the bird, or the beast, or the fish, but that his mortal body is to rise immortal and, joined to the spirit, is to live on forever a perfected being in the paradise of God, is a truth just as new and startling to him to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago when St. Paul first heralded it on the streets of Athens. He must be put right, then, upon this first great line, and the Church of God alone can do it.

Secondly, he is in darkness as to his brother man, both within the bounds of the sacred kingdom and without them. With millions of his countrymen he does not realize that he has brother *men* outside the wall of China. Foreign devils,

demons, curious grotesque creatures they may be, who float to him across the ocean—for "ocean-men" is the Chinese term for foreigners—but none of these are worthy for a moment of being reckoned upon a level with the loyal son of Confucius. It is the work of the Church to enlighten him upon this subject, to teach him of his fellow-men in other lands, and his relation to them as well as to those who live within the borders of the eighteen provinces.

Thirdly, he is in darkness as to things divine. Worship indeed he has of anything and everything, from the deified emperor upon his throne to the tiniest idol that dwells in the household shrines. Of the one true Almighty Creator of the universe, his Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, he knows nothing. This knowledge it is the duty as it is the privilege of the Church of God to give him.

The Church, then, by putting man right on the lines of these three great relations, *saves* him. Her salvation is not fragmentary or partial, it is comprehensive and complete. She does not look upon the foreign missionary as a man who, moved simply by a feeling of pity and charity, stands upon the brink of a precipice and draws back his perishing brother man from the awful doom to which a caricature of a God of love has consigned him. That is the lowest and most degrading view of foreign missions that has ever been held by those who name the name of Christ. The Church's system of salvation is as far higher than this as the heavens are higher than the earth. Salvation in her system is *restoration* of body, mind, and soul; the giving back to fallen man of that blessed image of his Maker which was his in Eden. In a successful mission, as in any other line of Church work, there must be order, system, and discipline. She cannot allow her missionaries to wander here and there, each with his own individual idea of what her work is, and each preaching his own psalm and gospel, but she moves ever "as an army with banners."

Let a concrete illustration drawn from the centre of a great Chinese city illustrate the method by which she carries

light and life to "them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." In the midst of such a great city stands a group of mission buildings. They are five in number. One larger and more prominent than the others occupies the centre; that is the church. Of the buildings that surround it, the first is the medical station or mission dispensary, where the sick are healed and the poor have the gospel preached to them. This work is not carried on simply because the Chinese are densely ignorant of medicine and surgery and live in almost constant violation of all known sanitary laws. That is one of the reasons, but it is only one. Nor is it solely because it is our duty ever upon this earth to minister to our suffering fellow-man in the name of Him who came to minister to us. All this is involved, and something more. This work is carried on that the heathen may be taught and shown practically the value in the sight of God of the mortal body which he wears, that it is not the work of chance or of demons, but mysteriously and wonderfully made by a divine Creator, sanctified and consecrated forever by the blessed Lord, who wore this body himself and rose with it from the dead. So the Church touches this poor mortal human frame, sunken in its sin and ignorance, and smitten with all manner of foul disease, and raises it up from the mire in which paganism has placed it, purifying it, cleansing it, healing it of its sickness and infirmities, and restoring it, as far as may be done on earth, to the divine image which it bore in the outset. Medical work must always be an integral part of the Church's foreign missions, just as much as it was when St. Paul and St. Luke went side by side through the cities of Greece, even as it was foreshadowed by Christ himself when by the temple gate in Jerusalem he healed the sick as he preached the gospel.

The second building is the mission school for boys. It has been said that the Christian clergy should confine themselves strictly to religious teaching alone. This cant will do perhaps in a land where Christian education is as free as the air we breathe, but it will not do in a land where ignorance

as dense as the darkness of Egypt is the order of the hour. Some light must be admitted into that darkened mind as to things natural, before it can have even the simplest comprehension of things spiritual. The Church takes the Chinese boy and teaches him of the earth upon which he lives, that it is not flat or square, or the work of *panku*, the Chinese divinity, but it is a globe, swung into space by the almighty hand and law of his loving Father in the heavens. He is taught of the other lands and people upon this globe, is shown conclusively that the Middle Kingdom is erroneously named, and satisfies his mind that the Chinese empire does not comprehend, as his ancestors have always believed, nine tenths of all the earth. He is taught something of the laws that govern the world, of nature, and the whole wonderful creation of harmony and love; and he learns that the stars shining above him are not themselves gods, the objects of his worship, but all light-bearers from Him who is the centre and source of light.

The third building is the school for girls, and the training department for the native women. Here we touch one of the great dividing lines between Christianity and Paganism that comes down through all the centuries. It is the same story over and over again, though modified perhaps to a greater or less degree. Woman is either a brute, a slave, a servant, or a mere household chattel. So when they say, "Can a girl be baptized, can a woman be confirmed by the Bishop, can she have the same privileges identically in the Church of God that the man can"—for under the heathen system her only hope of salvation is to die and perchance to live life over again as a man—we answer, "Yes, blessed be God's name, she can," for as in the Church there is neither "Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," so "neither male nor female, but all are one in Him." An all-important part of the Church's work, then, must be the protection, the education, the training, in a word, the elevation of woman in pagan lands. And let us ever remember that it is only the holy religion of Him who was born of the

blessed Virgin Mary herself, that ever does touch this state of things and change it upon our earth. The Church saves the woman as she saves the man.

The last building that we note is the higher educational institution or training school for the teachers and preachers that are to be the leaders of the Church in the days to come. Not long since a high Chinese official put to one of his secretaries this question, "Why is it that in all western lands no educated men are ever believers in the religion of Jesus Christ?" He asked the question honestly and sincerely, for he knew no better. He had received this information from inquiries directed to those Europeans who, going to the Asiatic coast for gold, and gold alone, had not only not found it convenient to carry their Christianity with them, but had taken pains to circulate the statement that Christianity in the west has been relegated to a few simple-minded women and children. Could there be a more striking illustration of the need of the Church sending out her best material to all foreign fields to train for her future work a native ministry that shall stand up before the heathen rulers and by their lives, as well as by their words, give the answer to such statements as these?

But all must centre at last in the Church. Men must be taught to "perceive and know what things they ought to do," but the Church's work is not complete until she has given them "the grace and power faithfully to fulfill the same." She gives them the light, she must also give them the life. Let us step into the mission church and see it shown forth visibly before us. By the side of the font stands the mission priest from western lands. In his arms lies the Asiatic child, as different from his own as anything that this wide world can show, yet by the power of God conferred upon him he then and there makes that child "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." It grows and finds in the Church its new home; it receives the spiritual grace of confirmation, and finally it kneels before the altar of God to be strengthened with the bread of

life. There by its side we see kneeling many from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south. There is the solution of the great Asiatic problem, there is visibly shown forth that which the poet has sung, and the philanthropist has dreamed, but which neither has been able to bring out, there is the fatherhood of God, there is the brotherhood of man!

The work, then, of the Church of God in that great empire is something more than merely carrying to its people another moral system higher than their own; something more than merely showing them the superiority of the golden rule of Christ to the silver rule of Confucius; something more than giving them the divine example they are to follow. It is coming to them and saying this, "In and by the power of Christ *risen from the dead*, rise ye to a newness of life." And as they hear this they do rise. Step into the mission schools, and look into the faces of the boys and girls that are gathered there, trained in the Church's higher ways. Even the casual visitor remarks how different their faces seem from those he sees in the streets of the heathen city. What is it that has brought about this change? Mistake it not; it is the power of the new life, able to transform the very features. Enter the home of the native preacher of the Church; the very atmosphere is different from that of the heathen home that adjoins it. And even in the eye of the Christian disciple that meets you in the public highway you see the gleaming of a light that is looked for in vain in the dull, sullen countenance of the heathen that walks by his side.

Lastly, the work of the Church is constructive rather than destructive. She does not go to heathen lands and begin her work by indiscriminately sweeping everything away. Others have done that, but never the Church when she has been true to herself. What message does she bring, for instance, to the simple people in the village? She does not begin by handing to them the Epistle to the Romans or the Gospel of St. John, or reasoning with them about the deeper

mysteries of the Faith. But she begins as St. Paul began in the villages of Lycaonia, by speaking to them of the sunshine, rain, of the changing seasons, the spring-time, and the harvest, the simple proofs easy to be recognized that God has not left himself without witness in their midst. She teaches them to believe, first, in One God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. When she has done that she has led them a long way into the Christian faith. Then, but not until then, she passes on from God the Father to God the Son; to His Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, and to the Church which he founded here on earth. That is the natural, the normal way, that is the way that must commend itself to anyone who approaches the subject in a true, unprejudiced manner. This is no man-made method, it is the old way of the Church's historic creed.

What message has she to the scholar and official in the great city? She speaks here again, even in the words that the apostle used upon the Areopagus. Over a great gateway in a modern Chinese Athens, in the midst of temples and altars erected to the nation's gods, these words are written, "All true blessings come from heaven above." Strange words are these to be found in a heathen city, but they are there. What saith the Church? "Ye men of this Athens, we perceive that in all things you are intensely religious; for as we passed by we observed this inscription, 'All true blessings come from heaven above.' It is true, very true, as you state, that all true blessings do come from heaven above, but not from the heaven of which you here ignorantly speak. That indefinable something of which you say, 'we know not what it is, but we think it is the throne of the old dead emperors of China,' no blessing can come to you from it, but rather from the heaven of which we speak and teach, which is the throne and seat of God, the Universal Father, from whom all true blessings come, even as one of your own poets hath said, 'Trusting to heaven we eat our daily rice.' We pass down into the streets of the city and on all sides we see two

great Chinese charms, mystic characters of the ancient tongue that have enshrined themselves in the very hearts of the people. They are carved in stone on the doorways of their temples, emblazoned in gold upon the walls of their dwellings, woven into the very texture of their garments, and bound about the foreheads of their children. What are these two great charms, these two mysterious words that mean so much to the Chinese people? *Fuh* and *Shen*—long life and happiness, in our Anglo-Saxon tongue. We take the words and make them ours at once, and thus in the Church's name we speak:—"With long life and with happiness have we come to satisfy you; not the long life of which you ignorantly speak when you say, 'The grave is our long home,' not that, something far higher and grander than that in the kingdom and eternity of God. And with happiness also can we satisfy you; not the happiness of which you ignorantly speak when you say, 'It is riches, fame, treasure, friends;' something far higher than this, the happiness which is the peace of God, which alone can fully satisfy the longings of your soul."

Such is the Church's work, carried on against opposition of every name and kind, carried on fearlessly and loyally, yet with love and charity to all; growing not by any human order of growth, but by that divine order which says, "First the bud, then the ear, then, in God's good time, the full corn in the ear." Looking at the individual we are not to say that the work of the Church in China is in any sense of the word more *important* than what she is doing in the island empire of Japan, or on the fever-stricken coast of the Dark Continent. But looking at the nation as a whole, realizing the tremendous possibilities for good or for evil that are latent there, acknowledging that they are the Anglo-Saxons of Asia, and that in them is wrapped up the future welfare, not only of that great continent, but of the world, this work must claim a very important place among our foreign missions. To have the privilege of carrying the Light and the Life to this great people, and of building in their midst a true and

pure branch of the One Holy Catholic Kingdom of our Lord and Savior, is one of the richest of the many blessings which Almighty God in his goodness and mercy has vouchsafed to this our American Church.

[NOTE.—The statements made on page 78 with regard to the development of Taoism must not be understood to refer to the remarkable philosophical system of that name which slightly antedates Confucianism, but to the degraded religion of which Pope Chang is, or was lately, the grand wizard. Taoism, as conceived by its founder, Lao-tzŭ, was not only a wonderfully subtle system of philosophy, but also contained the germs of a higher ethical system than Confucianism, as is proved by the great maxim of its founder, "Recompense injury with kindness." It should also be noted that there is more than one account of the introduction of Buddhism into China about 73 A.D.—ED.]

THE OLD SOUTH.

The Old South; Essays Social and Political. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892. 12mo pp. 344.

THE Southern section of this country has always been characterized by uniformity of convictions; but perhaps no conviction has ever been so uniformly held by Southerners as the one which now exists, that a true history of the Southern people must be written before the materials for that history shall have vanished from the earth. Our fathers were easy-going in this matter, being perhaps content, as has been often said, to make history instead of writing it; but the present generation, although it too is making history, feels keenly the necessity for a written history that shall let the world know what manner of men the Southern people are and always have been. That the world is in ignorance on this point is a matter too notorious for dispute. Advanced proclaimers of a "New South" and conservative upholders of the "Old South" are at one in asserting that Southern history has been misunderstood, however much they may be at variance in their own views regarding it. They are also at one in demanding that this history of the South shall be stripped of all romantic coloring, that it shall be thorough and in touch with modern methods of investigation; in other words, that it shall be true. For whatever else may be said of the Southerner, whether of the past or of the present, however much he may dislike criticism of himself and his environment, he has never consciously desired to say of himself, or to have said of him, anything that was not true.

This universal desire for a true Southern history has borne much and good fruit of late. Newspapers and public speakers have taken the subject up; historical societies have awakened from their sleep; libraries and collections of relics have been begun; and universities have established separate historical chairs. But perhaps the best work that has been

done so far, has been done by individuals. Many young professors trained to special investigation have published historical monographs. Many biographies of great Southerners, like Patrick Henry, George Mason and Robert Toombs, have been written with loving care. Many delightful essays descriptive of old-time life in the South have been composed, and sometimes, though rarely, the attempt has been made to give a philosophic account of the cycles of historic change through which the South has passed. From this harvest of materials which is sure to increase with the years, the future historian of the South will draw with pleasure and profit.

We do not know a book that he will study with more pleasure and profit than the delightful volume we are about to review. Mr. Page has endeared himself to the people of the South by the charming stories in which he has embodied so much of the glory and the pathos of the life lived by our fathers, but assuredly he has done nothing for Southerners, as such, of more value or interest or charm than this collection of essays. "Marse Chan" appeals to humanity at large, and so it belongs as much to the Northerner or the Englishman as to the Southerner; but these essays, although they deserve to be read by every one who wishes to know what the ante-bellum South really was on its brighter side, belong in an exclusive sense to the Southerner of to-day. This is so because Mr. Page has written them from his heart, because in their composition it was not the artist, the story-teller, the literary man that stood first—although their style is excellent—but the lover of his people. Mr. Page has not stationed himself apart in isolated solitude and judged his people's past from the point of view of the philosopher or the historian—although he has evidently read their history carefully and thought upon it candidly and well—but he has written of it and spoken of it as a sympathizer and a lover, as one whose human feelings prompt him to touch lightly upon faults and to dwell lovingly on virtues, as one whose spirit is broad enough to embrace the world, but intense enough to love with peculiar passion his local section, his own kith and kin.

In the attitude he has assumed he deserves and has won the admiration and the affection of his people; and he has secured that admiration and affection in larger measure than he would have done had he written as a historian instead of a eulogist. The man who devotes himself to a study or an art rarely has the love of his contemporaries, because the object of his pursuit is wider than the limits set by a nation or a people, and men do not as a rule love or comprehend that which is wider than the scope of their own desires and affections. They can appreciate patriotism, but not cosmopolitanism. They understand how a man can die for his State or his peculiar creed, they do not understand how he can die or sacrifice himself for art or science which have beauty and truth for their objects, and are, therefore, cosmopolitan or as wide as humanity.

Mr. Page terms his essays "social and political," but really only one of the eight papers here collected deserves the last designation. This essay on "The Negro Question," is a creditable contribution to the literature of an unpleasant subject which in its most important aspects belongs to the New South rather than to the Old. We shall, therefore, pass it by with the remark that its concluding paragraph (page 344) may well be taken as an article of the Southerner's political creed:—

"We have educated him [the negro]; we have aided him; we have sustained him in all right directions. We are ready to continue our aid; but we will not be dominated by him. When we shall be, it is our settled conviction that we shall deserve the degradation into which we shall have sunk."

The first essay of the volume was delivered as an address before Washington and Lee University, and is entitled "The Old South." It is an admirable attempt to give a fair sketch of ante-bellum Southern life, and an account of the causes of the great change that came to that life in 1861. The cavalier origin of the leading Southern families is insisted upon, but the Puritan strain brought in by the Scotch-Irish settlers is duly recognized. Mr. Page thinks that there was

something potent in the Southern soil which made this latter element as zealous in asserting Southern rights as the descendants of the more feudal minded cavaliers (page 13). We should prefer to account for the phenomenon largely by the fact that the religious beliefs of the Scotch-Irish were in their essence anti-centralistic and that, therefore, the party which preached States-rights and local independence was favored with their allegiance. But this is a small matter. We heartily commend Mr. Page's tribute to Bacon, the Rebel, and we agree with him when he says (page 23): "The guiding principle of the South had steadily been what may be termed public spirit; devotion to the rights and liberties of the citizen." We agree with him in the definition he gives of the South's provincialism (page 24), and we fancy that most writers use the term in the same sense. We coincide in the main with his treatment of the influence of slavery on the upper classes, although we think he should have mentioned (on page 31) the views of the extreme pro-slavery party between 1850 and 1860 as to the advisability of reopening the slave-trade. We think also that the suspicion of the abolitionists toward the supporters of the colonization scheme was not strange (page 37); they thought, though erroneously, that it was a mere device for side-tracking the main issue. But we believe that Mr. Page has summed up much history in a single paragraph which we cannot forbear to quote:—

"If it [the North] was ignorant, it is our fault that it was not enlightened. We denied and fought, but we did not argue. Be this, however, our justification, that slavery did not admit of argument. Argument meant destruction," (page 51). The peroration to this address, an appeal to the future historian of the South, cannot be read by any true Southerner without patriotic and tender emotions.

The second essay deals with "Authorship in the South before the War." It is an excellent sketch of what the Old South did for literature and a good resumé of the reasons why it did not do more. Slavery is, of course, one of the

five causes cited (page 59), but it would seem impossible in the last analysis to disassociate this cause from the other four. We are glad Mr. Page does not bring in the time-worn reference to the literature which Greece produced at a period when slavery was an essential element of the world's civilization and not an opposing factor. We are glad also to read what Mr. Page has to say of the "half-apologetic way" in which Southerners indulged their literary propensities (pp. 71-73). The pages devoted to Poe (pp. 74-79) are almost as delightful reading as the admirable tribute to Raleigh (page 99), than which Mr. Page has seldom written anything better. Here and there, of course, we find dicta to which we cannot subscribe, as, for instance, when Mr. Page ranks Cooke's "Mohun" above "The Virginia Comedians" (page 83), which Mr. Richardson has recently praised so highly in his "History of American Literature." We notice also a mistake in the statement that *The Southern Literary Journal* lived only two years (page 61). It did not die until 1839. But we do not know any sketch of Southern literature which in so short a space gives us such valuable and correct information.

The next four essays, "Glimpses of Life in Colonial Virginia," "Social Life in Old Virginia before the War," "Two Old Colonial Places," and "The Old Virginia Lawyer," are in our opinion not only the gems of this volume, but also worthy to rank among the most delightful essays of their kind ever written. Here and there we may not concur in Mr. Page's opinions, but our disagreements are as nothing compared with our gratitude for the delightful pictures he has given of the best and, therefore, on the whole, the most abiding side of the life led by our fathers. Whether he is paying a reverent tribute to the worth, the charm, the nobility of Southern womanhood, whether he is describing the siege of Yorktown with historic "Rosewell" in the distance, whether he is letting us read over his shoulder the naïve and witty love letters of Mr. Peter Randolph written over a hundred years ago, Mr. Page is always the true lover and

eulogist of his native State, the sturdy but courteous champion of his own people. We do not wonder that they love him.

It is true that Mr. Page believes a little more in the depth and soundness of the philosophy of the ante-bellum Southerner than we do, and that he dwells a little too admiringly on our Southern, or rather Anglo-Saxon, propensity to stand up for our rights. We prefer the safer maxim, "look out for your duties." It is true also that he is too fond of balancing an admitted defect of the South with a defect of the North, thus reminding one of the time when slaveholding and non-slaveholding States were admitted into the Union on a similar principle of balance. We know that when the North wakes up, as she must do some day, to the knowledge that between 1800 and 1860, her ways were not all of pleasantness nor all her paths of peace, her historians will adopt the same plan of balancing her defects with those of the South; still we do not like the method because it hardly conduces to scientific criticism, although we admit that we have just been guilty of following it ourselves. But as Mr. Page makes no pretensions in these essays to being a scientific critic, as he has given us a volume of rare value and interest and charm, as furthermore he has proved himself a loyal and loving defender of his country, we are almost ashamed of our fault-finding, mild as it has been.

We have noted few typographical or other errors. On page 91, line 27 *which* should read *who*; on page 104 two dates are obviously misprinted; on page 132, line 28 *divine* may be a misprint for *derive*; for the rest, the mechanical execution is in keeping with the literary excellence and the historical importance of the volume.

We shall conclude with the hope that every youth of the New South, a term which we use advisedly because we do not see how its use implies any censure upon the Old South or any divorcement from it save what is implied in the ideas of development and evolution—for cataclysms must be taken into account by the evolutionist just as wars and other con-

vulsions of society by the historian—will read this book and reread it in order that he may learn many true and noble things about his ancestors, and that intelligent foreigners and Americans of other sections will turn to it as a fair and able defense of a people who have been sorely misunderstood. We hope further that Mr. Page, while not abandoning his chosen profession of novelist and story-teller, will yet find time to give us many more such essays and even to undertake some serious and elaborate work in Southern history.

REVIEWS.

The Place of Authority in Matters of Religious Belief. By Vincent Henry Stanton, D.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

WITHIN the past two years no less than three works on the subject of the place of authority in religious belief have appeared from the pens of eminent theologians. Dr. Salmon, the learned Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in his lectures on the "Infallibility of the Church," has dealt the most crushing blow that the peculiarly Roman theory of ecclesiastical authority has ever received; and Dr. James Martineau, with characteristic brilliancy of style and subtlety of discrimination, in his "Seat of Authority in Religion," has carried out the subjective tendencies of popular Protestantism to an actual denial of the fundamental facts of historical Christianity. The two books forcibly illustrate the dangers which beset Protestant theologians in the discussion of authority in religion. Their best efforts have always seemed weak, if not to themselves, certainly to others, and the mistiness and vagueness and uncertainty of statement in their most labored theories have become the stock in trade of the average Roman Catholic controversialist, and a fair target for the keen satire of writers like Frederic Harrison and Matthew Arnold. Dr. Salmon's book, for example, is careful, logical, and overwhelming in its demolition of the modern Roman Catholic position, and the argument marches remorselessly like a great engine pulverizing the stones on the highway. But it is impossible for the thoughtful reader not to feel that the work of destruction is almost too successful; that very little, if anything, is left to rest on; and that the exhortation "to use the means which Christ has given him for the education of his own reason and conscience" is a rather ineffectual medicine for the man oppressed with doubt. The question will arise, if the individual reason and con-

science are the ultimate appeal for the interpretation of Scripture, why are they not also for the authority of Scripture, and, in short, how can the certain knowledge of truth be regarded as possible for men, who, with the same means, arrive at such contradictory conclusions? Dr. Martineau is at least consistent. Like Schleiermacher, whom he in some respects resembles, his work, though intensely subjective, is intended to be positive and constructive. With him the only possible seat of authority in religion is his own conscience—the only authority, that which reveals itself in the intuitions of his own soul. He thus excludes all external authority—not only of the Church and the Bible, but of Christ himself. For after all, in his theory, Christ is to be regarded only as an exceptional and remarkable representative of religious sincerity and earnestness, whose lofty consciousness of the true relations of God and man is to be emulated, but whose individual opinions are not to be uncritically accepted. Thus the objective, authoritative element in Christianity is eliminated and natural and revealed religion differ only in degree and not in kind.

Is there, then, any alternative which serious men may adopt other than these two extremes of natural illumination and papal infallibility? Prof. Stanton thinks there is, and in his recent work on the "Place of Authority in Religious Belief" has presented a calm and carefully reasoned argument, which cannot but prove helpful to a large and increasing class of minds, that refuse to surrender their freedom and yet shrink from the consequences of unrestricted individualism. The crucial point in the discussion is whether there is now, or ever was, an authoritative revelation of truth from God independent of the exercise of human reason—a revelation, in other words, which implies the communication of truth which man cannot infer from his moral experience, nor attain to by the normal use of his intellectual powers. This is what Dr. Martineau seems to deny, and this is the fundamental assumption of Christianity with which Dr. Stanton begins. In the last analysis it is really the

alternative between the existence and non-existence of truth at all, between truth as objective and infinite reality and truth as variable, finite, and contingent upon the conclusions of individual minds. Assuming, however, the fact of such a revelation, the authentication of it centres in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. The evidence may be external and historical, as *e. g.*, the display of supernatural power in miracle and prophecy; or it may be internal, *i. e.*, the correspondence to the needs of the moral and spiritual nature of man; or, as is the case with Christianity, it may be both. In our day Christian apologists have freed themselves from the bondage of the Calvinistic position that the moral nature of man is not competent to be brought in evidence as to the attributes of God and his declared will. And Dr. Stanton, in showing the danger of this theory as philosophically espoused by Dean Mansel, defends Bishop Butler against the charge of favoring it by the important distinction that "it is one thing to remember that we may have misunderstood the purport of a doctrine which repels us, or that if we could see the whole of a course of action of which we know but a part, that which seems harsh and meaningless in it would be found not to be so. It is quite another to suppose that righteousness and love differ in God and in man, and to be required to accept propositions as truths which assume such a difference" (p. 48). The authentication of the fact and content of revelation naturally leads to a consideration of the value and importance of the witness of the Christian consciousness, which corresponds to the argument *e consensu gentium* and involves a correction of J. S. Mill's misapprehension of it. The analogy of the progress of science and of ordinary education compels us to expect, in the transmission of Christian truth, the exercise of the teaching office by the Church, and the spiritual illumination of the Church may be regarded as focussed in the general or ecumenical councils. Such determinations of doctrinal questions may not indeed be taken as absolutely infallible—as God is infallible—but, as expressing the mind of Christendom, they rightly com-

mand the assent of individual Christians who realize that training and discipline, are the necessary preparation for intellectual, as they are for moral and spiritual development. "There is an inheritance of authoritative belief which has been preserved to us and which is to this day rendered available for us, because the Christian society is a fact, because there has been and is in Christendom an organized life." . . . "There are doctrines which have been formulated to protect genuine Christian faith from the inroads of alien principles," and "it is no small gain if only the treasures and the fruit of the achievements of the past are placed in our hands and made a real possession for us" (pp. 159, 160).

The contention of the Protestant controversialists that the Bible alone is the sufficient appeal in determining the value and importance of Christian doctrine is quite as faulty as the Roman Catholic reliance upon the absolute, unlimited authority of the Church. As in the broader question of infallibility, the truth lies between the two extremes, for as a matter of fact the authority of the Bible cannot be established without the Church, nor that of the Church without the Bible. The interdependence of these two sources of doctrinal definition appears in the actual history of Christianity at the first, and is repeatedly illustrated in the experience of individual minds to-day. It is possible without any theory of the Church to attain to a belief in the substantial truth of the great outlines of Christian revelation—and this is what is constantly happening—but this is quite consistent with the other fact that anything like a complete and adequate view of Scripture or of Christian doctrine is impossible without her guidance and instruction. As Dr. Stanton says, "When the Church in the second century was beginning to define her belief in regard to the New Testament writings and the most fundamental articles of her creed, she had as yet no clear view of her function as an authoritative teacher of truth. In the very process of dealing with the questions brought before her, she arrived at a consciousness of it, and improved the organ for its expression,

and thus became fitted for still more delicate tasks of the same kind" (p. 68).

It is but a corollary from this to say that the Church to-day claiming such authority, must be able to show that she has preserved her continuity of life with the past; that to exercise such authority effectually she should be blessed with a visible unity; and that to bring such exercise into harmony with modern progress she should preserve entire freedom without license within her borders.

Altogether Dr. Stanton has produced a helpful book on a difficult but important subject, and apart from the essential line of the argument, there are, from time to time, very useful digressions, as, for example, upon the nature and value of the Old Testament writing, which evince a careful scholarship and a practical wisdom, necessary for these days. We cannot help thinking, however, that the results would have been more satisfactory if he had given an account of the acts of the general councils and of that inheritance of fundamental truth which he claims has been handed down to us. And in this rather misty age of ours there are some subjects, and religion is one of them, where a man ought to dare to be definite and explicit. Dr. Stanton does not appear to think so. At any rate, there are points in his argument where an earnest reader must feel that a clear conclusion is just missed if not avoided. Perhaps his is the better way. The theme is too great, too complex to be reduced to the limits of a formula, and the author's sincerity and carefulness are admirable. Yet, in the face of so much literature that is hesitating and halting in its tone, one could wish that he had expressed directly and unreservedly what he evidently thinks about the Church's position, and paid less attention to that universal Christian consciousness, of which after all the Church is the only visible, appreciable exponent and witness. That we regard his book as a very valuable one is, however, apparent from the fact that we have chosen to review it a year after its publication. We hope it will not be so long before we are allowed to review another.

The Discovery of America with some Account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest. By John Fiske. In Two Volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The Riverside Press: Cambridge. 1892. Crown 8vo, pp. xxxvi., 516; xxiv., 631. With maps and illustrations.

It is rather late in the day to review a book which is already in its seventh thousand and which has been greeted with what may be termed without exaggeration a chorus of unbounded praise. It is also rather presumptuous to attempt to sum up the merits of such a book in the short space which is at our disposal at present. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to use this opportunity to express our gratitude to Mr. Fiske (and we may add his publishers who have done their part of the work in a manner that cannot be too highly commended) as well as to recommend our readers to lose no opportunity to make themselves acquainted with what must be pronounced to be the worthiest literary memorial of the great exploit of Columbus that any American has yet offered to the world. In a subsequent number we hope to be able to devote an article to a review of the recent Columbian literature, and we trust we shall then be able to criticise in detail Mr. Fiske's noble volumes.

Mr. Fiske divides his work into twelve long chapters, all of absorbing interest. In the first he clears the ground by disposing of the romantic ideas of aboriginal American history which Prescott did so much to plant; and he naturally relies upon the epoch-making work of the late Lewis Morgan which Mr. Bandelier is still continuing. Chapter II. discusses the pre-Columbian voyages of the Norsemen and the Zeno brothers, a subject which Mr. Fiske handles more entertainingly, perhaps, than his latest English rival in this field of investigation, Mr. Payne. Chapter III., "Europe and Cathay," appeared some time back in *The Atlantic Monthly*; it could not fail to be fascinating, for it is mainly concerned with Marco Polo. Chapters IV. and V. discuss the search for the Indies by the Portuguese and the Spanish routes respectively. In his discussion of the influence of ancient cosmography on the mediæval mind, it strikes us

that Mr. Fiske is inferior to Mr. Payne; but in all that relates to the career of Columbus he is fuller and, therefore, more satisfactory. Mr. Fiske is a stout champion of the great Genoese, and he has little sympathy with the recent critics who seek to detract from his glory. Perhaps Mr. Payne's soberer estimate is nearer the truth than Mr. Fiske's eulogy, but it is not such pleasant reading. Chapter VI., "The Finding of Strange Coasts," continues the career of Columbus until his death.

Chapter VII., which begins the second volume, is entitled "Mundus Novus," but it might as well be called "Americus Vespucius," for it is largely devoted to a defense of that much abused navigator. Mr. Fiske mainly follows Varnhagen, and he certainly succeeds in rendering it more difficult to deny the famous first voyage of 1497. Naturally this chapter will provoke more comment from the specialists than any in the book, and we must leave Mr. Fiske to his fate. Chapters VIII., IX. and X. are concerned with Mexico and Peru and their Spanish conquerors, and if Mr. Fiske is not as fascinating as Prescott, he has nevertheless an absorbing theme and a charming style to help him through. Chapter XI. is fitly called after that exquisite character, Las Casas, and Chapter XII., "The Work of Two Centuries," appropriately concludes the book save for four valuable appendices and an index.

We have said that it is not here our intention to criticise this great work in any elaborate way, but rather to express our admiration for it. We cannot forbear, however, to point out the fact that Mr. Fiske's erudition is sometimes put forward in unnecessary, if interesting, footnotes, and that he is at times too discursive even in the body of his work. We think, too, that he sometimes shows a lack of taste in the obtrusion of his own opinions and comments when they are obviously unnecessary, and we have a rooted aversion to that method of criticism which allows a scholar to assert that the utterances of other scholars are to be received with "a peal of Homeric laughter." We must be forgiven for being in-

clined to doubt whether the man who can write of "dear Herodotus," is capable of such a genuine burst of merriment as "Homeric laughter" must have been. If Mr. Fiske had omitted this unnecessary piece of criticism and devoted the time gained to the correcting of his grammar in the footnote to page 25, Vol. II., his readers would have profited.

But this is not the way to take leave of so great a work and so broad and able a scholar. Mr. Fiske has proved himself to be as admirable an historian as a philosopher, and we do not know a writer in America who can well be compared with him. When his "History of America," of which these volumes form the first instalment, is completed it will be a work of which his contemporaries and countrymen may well be proud and for which posterity will be grateful.

La Colonisation de l'Indo-Chine. L'Experience Anglaise. Par J. Chailley-Bert. Paris, Armand Colin et Cie., 1892. 12mo, xvi., 398 pp. With two maps.

IN a brief review of this valuable and suggestive book contained in the *Political Science Quarterly* for September, the reviewer regrets that space prohibits him to "do justice to his admirable description of the effects of the English passion for an impartial administration of the law upon the Chinese population of the island (Hong-Kong). His discussion of this point seems to the present writer to bear with great force both upon the Chinese question in the West and upon the negro question in the South, especially upon the latter. The numerical preponderance of the Chinese over Europeans in Hong-Kong is much greater than that of negroes over whites in any of our Southern States, and there seems to be little reason why measures which have had a marked success in the East should fail to be effective when applied to our own land. It would not be without utility to us Americans if some one should undertake to translate at least those portions of this book which bear upon the subject indicated above."

For an appreciation of M. Chailley-Bert's book itself the

reader may be referred to the review cited above. The present writer wishes only to call attention to that portion of it to which allusion has just been made. Perhaps we shall find some points of resemblance between the lower stratum of our Southern population and this description of the Chinese of Hong-Kong. "There exists among the Chinese to a degree unknown among us, a respect, one might even say an admiration, for power. This is with them so strong a sentiment that it overcomes sometimes their sense of justice. Even just concessions may seem to them a weakness, and the toleration of culpable acts a nonsense. On the other hand, the Chinese colony at Hong-Kong comprised very varied elements. Beside cut-throats and pickpockets, there were rich and well-to-do Chinese whose numbers would naturally grow and whom these precautions reassured. There were Chinese, poor indeed, and even immoral, but who yet found it more lucrative to work than to steal, and such "vexations" appeared to them as the price that they must pay for abundant work and regular pay. Finally there was a large, perhaps indifferent, mass who attached inestimable value to certain benefits of English civilization, and most of all to legality." The question would arise here, however, whether there is any such demand for legality among the lower classes in the South. Whether "to fight one's fill in peace" is not the Walhalla-heaven to which most aspire. The feeling to which our author refers in what follows is far from universal here, though somewhat similar conditions have prevailed. He continues:

"One must have lived under a régime of arbitrary omnipotence to enjoy a régime of moderation and justice. At that time, even more than now, the Chinese could learn in the school of their mandarins to appreciate the guarantees of the English law and magistracy. This homage is due to the Anglo-Saxons. No race has cared more than they for legality. Others may pique themselves on their humanity, and perhaps their conduct has been on the whole more humane, which may be a moral honor but is a practical inferiority.

In the matter of legality, however, their ideas are less precise. Among almost all of them there is a fundamental jacobinism which urges them so strongly toward the end to be attained as to make them neglect sometimes the justice of their means. In their judicial annals one could find more than one decision, equitable or politic, but difficult to conciliate with the law."

"The English on the contrary have, with rare exceptions, a respect for law and rights, that is a religion. One must read their official correspondence to realize their fear of arbitrariness. Open their special legal collections. You find only regulations for the constitution of courts, on their jurisdiction, on the application of such and such laws to such and such categories of persons. Out of every two ordinances one will treat of the institution of better courts or the compilation of more suitable laws.

"These are very precious guarantees and the mass of the Chinese felt all their value. The English besides this acquired other titles, it might be too much to say to their gratitude, but at least to their docility. After giving them security and justice they assured them rights whose possession flattered their pride or their ambition. They conceded them a sort of equality before the law and the administration.

"European peoples, the English among them, have long thought it their duty to protect their fellow-citizens in their relations with the natives from the disagreeable consequences of their acts. In India, in Indo-China, in all the colonies that Europe possesses in these latitudes, an offense committed by a European on a native was not to have the same gravity as the offense of the native on the European. At Hong-Kong, on the other hand, the English, in more than one particular, abandoned these pretensions. If a 'boy' was killed or wounded, if a coolie was struck down, they sought out the guilty, and bad luck to them if they were discovered. Natives or Europeans, they were pitilessly punished.

"This impartiality of which, however, the Chinese never took advantage, produced on them the best effect, as did the

humanity shown in the regulations for the transportation of immigrants. At the same time they were careful not to clash with their customs or to hinder their civil or religious ceremonies. And especially they offered them that for which they seemed so eager, the possibility of education."

The question that will occur to every reader in reading these passages will be: What would be the effect of a similar policy on the Southern negro? He is quite as familiar as the Chinese with the thought that there are certain crimes to which popular estimation attaches far greater gravity in him than in his white neighbor, and this popular estimation makes itself felt in the courts. How many white men have been sentenced for the murder of negroes? Is it not true in general that the presumption is against the negro, whether plaintiff or defendant, if the opponent be a white man? It may be urged that this is but the just formulation of experience. But if this prejudice exists and is known by both parties to exist will there not grow up among the prejudiced class, whether they be negroes in America or inferior races elsewhere, a disrespect of law and a distrust of it which breeds lawlessness? Is it not a spirit of reprisal rather than lust that prompts the increasing number of attempted rapes? It is true, to be sure, that we find similar instincts in the Egyptian ape. The administration of justice cannot be rigid in all parts of our country, for the officers of justice are in many cases elective, and there are counties in which it is no exaggeration to say that the majority of voters if not themselves lawbreakers, are not earnest for the enforcement of law. There must always be a radical difference between any democratic organization and a colonial one in regard to the administration of justice. In Hong-Kong it was not the wishes of the populace nor even of the English residents that dictated the legal policy. It was the will of a distant and at that time essentially aristocratic government able to determine on and to enforce a policy which may at first have been distasteful. Had the law-making power resided in them and its execution in elected judges of their choosing, these results would

have been impossible. It needed that a stronger hand should hold the will of the colonists in check till the logic of facts should prove what had seemed the worse to be the better reason. Democracies have to learn from their own errors.

The second part of M. Chailley-Bert's book is occupied with the recent conquest of Burmah, and here again it is the legislative aspect of the matter that is at once most interesting and most attractive. The "acclimatization" of law, to use M. Chailley-Bert's phrase, has perhaps never been so happy as in India, and the long experience there of the conquerors of Burmah was made fruitful for that country from the first. This is especially true in the department of criminal law, which in an inferior civilization is apt to be revolting in its cruelty and to call first for reform. "Certainly one cannot say of the English that they are champions of the ideas of humanity, but they are enemies of ideas of cruelty so far especially as these are inscribed in laws. Being what they are, they were obliged to exert themselves in India as in all their colonies, to introduce, with certain reserves which still continue, a more humane penal code.

"This was the first of their motives, but there was a second. In criminal affairs the conflict is between society and the individual. Now the English, knowing all the dangers of excessive repression, seem to fear that the judge, who represents society, may embrace too ardently the cause of that society against the individual, for it is also his own cause. And their fear redoubles when this society is civilized England and the individual primitive Asia. They think it useful in this case to guard against the passions of the English citizen. Contrary to their usage at home, they lay more weight on the text of the law, less on the judge, and take extreme care to limit his powers. In civil affairs, on the other hand, the conflict is usually between two individuals. The judge is reputed impartial here, for partiality would be in this case a disgrace. Therefore they hesitate less to extend his powers. They leave him often the task of interpreting, of applying, and, if need be, of supplementing the law."

This is shown in considerable detail, and it is to us the most valuable part of the entire essay. For his French readers, however, he has in the style of *Æsop's* fables a moral at the close, a chapter in which *haec fabula docet* is applied in contrast and in warning to the French experience in Tonkin.

History of the New World Called America. By Edward John Payne. Vol. I. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892. 12mo, pp. xxxi., 605.

THIS work, of which only the first volume has so far been issued, is one of the most important contributions to early American history that the present Columbian year has called forth. Mr. Payne, who is a fellow of University College, Oxford, and who has already written on the history of European colonies, is evidently a scholar of much learning and industry, as well as a thinker of considerable scope and originality. He can hardly be called a great writer, because his style, though plain and serviceable, has few of the elements of power or charm, but he has written a volume which must give him eventually a high rank both as an ethnologist and a philosophical historian.

Mr. Payne designs to complete his work in two volume uniform in size and style with Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." His divisions are into books and not chapters, which is a drawback, we think, to the average reader. Changes of topic are marked, it is true, by marginal summaries, but the absence of more decided breaks in the narrative renders some portions of the book a trifle wearisome to all save specialist readers. Reference is facilitated, however, by an excellent table of contents, and the second volume will doubtless be furnished with a full index. It is almost needless, considering the character of the publishers, to say that the mechanical work has been good and that few typographical blunders are to be found. Of the latter we have noticed only *sacrification* for *scarification* (p. 574), and, possibly, *its* for *the* (p. 70, line 26). A crudity of style which can be easily corrected when fresh impressions are taken from

the plates is to be found in such needless repetitions of words and phrases as we notice at the top of page 101, where the expression, "these winds," is repeated three times in four lines with almost distressing effect.

Mr. Payne's first volume does not quite carry his history through the second book. The first book is entitled "Discovery," the second "Aboriginal America." The author evidently intends to bring his work down to the Revolutionary War (see p. 12), but we suspect that unless he reduces the scale of treatment observed in this first volume, he will find himself much cramped by the limits he has set himself. Of the six hundred pages comprised in the present volume not quite half are occupied with the fascinating story of the voyages and explorations which resulted in the discovery of the new world. The remainder of the volume is given up to a description of the condition of the three advanced communities of Peru, Mexico, and New Grenada at the time of the discovery—especially as regards agriculture and primitive theology. This latter portion lacks the attractiveness which a well-sustained historical narrative always has for the intelligent reader, but this lack of interest is compensated by the fact that just at this point the author puts forth his best powers as an ethnologist and as a philosophical historian. There is also no little interest attaching to such careful bits of investigation as that devoted to identifying the idol of Chicomecohuatl with the goddess of corn (p. 469)—which represents an original contribution of Mr. Payne's to ethnological science—as well as to such sections as those devoted to explaining how war could be to the Mexicans "a solemn religious duty" (p. 579).

In his narrative of the discovery Mr. Payne, following Buckle's method without the latter's dogmatism or tendency to exaggeration, tries always to give the events he is describing a physical basis. He does not abuse this safe method by ignoring such spiritual forces as the dogged resoluteness that made Columbus keep his ships due west during those trying autumn weeks of four hundred years ago; but he insists at

every turn on the part which ocean currents and trade winds played in bringing about the great event we have just celebrated. As a result of this method his narrative is interesting, suggestive, and satisfying, if not inspiring. Columbus appears shorn of romance, but not quite the despicable personage who figures on the pages of some recent historical critics. We fear, however, that his admirers will not be inclined to rise up and call Mr. Payne blessed even though they will not feel it necessary to buckle on their armor as tightly as the defenders of another old worthy, Captain John Smith, are being forced to do. Mr. Payne's careful scholarship will, however, preserve him scot-free from the assaults of the *laudator temporis acti*, although he may not be let off so easily by some of our American scholars, whose work he seems to underrate and whom he seldom ever quotes. It may be remarked that a careful study of one of these scholars would have suggested to Mr. Payne the necessity of laying stress on the part played by the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in driving Christian Europe to seek a path to India by the west. This is the only serious omission we have noticed, and we can afford to pardon it in consideration of the admirable treatment we have of the influence of the geographical discoveries and speculations of the Greeks upon the mediæval mind.

We have said that it is in Book II. that Mr. Payne gives the best evidence of his attainments as a philosophical historian. Here, too, he follows Buckle's methods, but he steps more cautiously than did the brilliant and ill-fated author of "The History of Civilization in England." Like Buckle, Mr. Payne believes that the nature and origin of civilization is "a problem undoubtedly capable of being solved," and he believes that he has solved it by assigning "to advancement no loftier origin than the organized provision of the food supply on an artificial as distinguished from a natural basis." It is at once clear why Mr. Payne's second book deals so largely with the agriculture of Peru and Mexico. These sections of the New World were found by their conquerors to

have made a decided advance toward civilization. The Spaniards probably did not trouble themselves to inquire why the natives of Hayti and Florida had not made a similar advance, but our author has troubled himself a good deal and he has finally concluded that in the llama and the maize crop he has found the elemental sources of Peruvian and Mexican civilization, or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, middle barbarism. Mr. Payne seems from his preface to expect that his theory will be deemed trivial or paradoxical, and in some respects it does, for not a little that he elaborates will be found in any orthodox economist's account of the origin of capital. But nowhere, to our knowledge, will the theory be found so carefully worked out or so suggestively handled, and it must be remembered that its further elaboration is to be looked for in the second volume, when the important topic of defense will be taken up. Until the exposition of the theory is complete we shall therefore forbear to express any further opinion upon it than to say that it demands as much respect and is likely to prove as serviceable as the more famous theories which base human advancement upon ancestor worship, or the method of reckoning relationships, etc. It is only fair, too, to suppose that Mr. Payne will have something to say about the development of aboriginal law, and until he has spoken his full mind it is idle to criticize him. It should be stated also that, however much he is disposed to rest history on a physical basis, Mr. Payne is evidently no materialist in the vulgar sense of the term. He successfully avoids all blatancy of tone even when discussing such a topic as the relations between primitive agriculture and primitive theology—a topic which might have been handled in such a way as to be offensive to many readers. This admirable spirit might, however, have been predicted of a man who could write (p. 4)—“and it may safely be said that a true conception of history requires the mental eye to be rather dilated than contracted, and that the poet is nearer the true standpoint of the historian than the pedant and the antiquary.”

We may take leave of Mr. Payne with the hope that he will soon bring his labors to a prosperous conclusion, and with the suggestion that, both in his second volume and in any new edition of his first, he should endeavor to post himself on the recent work of American scholars, which will insure greater accuracy in the more strictly historical portions of his book.

History of the Christian Church, A.D. 1-600. By the late Dr. Wilhelm Moeller, Professor Ordinarius of Church History in the University of Kiel. Translated from the German by Andrew Rutherford, B.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892; 546 pp.

TO ONE who desires to get an exhaustive yet clear analysis of the questions raised by the history of Christianity for the first six hundred years Dr. Moeller's work will be of undoubted value. In many respects it is an ideal text-book. The bibliography is so complete that by referring to the list of sources given at the beginning of each chapter the student can get a chronological view of the whole literature of any subject. From the "History of Church History" and the "Introduction to the Literature of Church History" to the chapters on the "Development of Christian Art" and the "Early Christian Missions," the author appears at first glance to be both scholarly and practical, learned to erudition and yet strong and clear in the control and use of knowledge. This strength and clearness, however, depend largely upon the author's sympathies. When he discusses paganism or flagrant heresy he is often simple and perspicuous. When he touches upon questions that compel a contrast between modern Protestantism and the ancient Faith he is not intentionally unfair, but always hesitating and obscure. He is committed to the theories of Harnack and Zahn, and instead of giving the facts and leaving the student to draw his own inferences, he becomes even dogmatic in his profound generalizations. About the early Baptismal Creed and a liturgical form of worship he is clear enough (pp. 121, 122), but when he treats of the organization

of the Church he takes refuge in vague suggestion. The "survival of the charismatic teaching officers, viz.: Apostles, Prophets, and Teachers, appears in the *Didache*," but "fixed official organs of leadership and government were not thereby made superfluous." These "fixed official organs" are the Presbyters, Bishops, and Deacons. The "Presbyters" are named first probably to emphasize their importance and to give additional weight to the well-worn statement that "instances are known to prove the original identity of Bishops and Presbyters," and reference is made to the Pastoral Epistles and the "Shepherd" of Hermas. It is admitted, however, that "at this time (circ. 110 A.D.) appears the beginning of that development which led to the promotion of the Bishop to the headship of the college of Presbyters." Finally, one hundred pages further on (p. 235), Dr. Moeller concludes his reflections on the ministry with the luminous statement, "The free rule of the so-called charismatic teaching office was suppressed in the course of the second century by the regular congregational office of the government of the community, which derived its vocation not from charismatic endowment and the voice of the Spirit, but from regulated appointment (choice), and was attached to the definite community, bore a permanent character, and now also began to lay claim to the function of teaching."

This whole treatment of the subject of the ministry of the Church is one-sided, misleading, and inadequate. If the New Testament had given us no intimations of the establishment of a permanent chief office in the Church, as *e. g.*, the cases of James at Jerusalem, Timothy and Titus, and "the Angels of the Churches;" if the epistle of Clement had not distinctly and emphatically asserted the principle of transmitted, delegated authority; if any single instance of mere congregational appointment could be adduced in evidence, then perhaps there would be some reason for the labored theories which have been invented to account for the universal establishment of the Episcopate, within fifty years after the death of the last of the Apostles. As it is, the av-

erage Protestant Church History (and Dr. Moeller's is no exception) is only equalled in its prejudice on this subject by the average Roman Catholic History on the rise of the papacy.

Dr. Moeller gives an account of the Holy Eucharist, which is also illustrative of his point of view. In speaking of S. Paul's reference to the institution in 1 Cor. xi. 23, he says (p. 70), "The other Christian social celebration, which in the nature of the case is exclusively limited to believers, is the Eucharist." Again, in his examination of the *Didache* (p. 122) he says, "The sacred meals, with their Eucharistic prayers, are the specific expression of the highest religious life of the community, only accessible to believers." And yet, on p. 269, the exclusion of unbelievers from the Eucharist is attributed to the development of the Eucharist under Græco-Roman influences into the "celebration of a mystery," and the inference is suggested that the sacrament was originally a social meal with an accidental religious import. However, Dr. Moeller is not always easy to understand. His sentences have often a large and ponderous roll that awes but baffles us. This may be the fault of the translator, or it may be that the author unconsciously exemplifies Matthew Arnold's charge that "in the German mind, as in the German language, there is always something *splay*—something blunt-edged, unhandy, and infelicitous."

The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ: a Study and Exposition of the Five Chapters of the Gospel according to St. John, xiii. to xvii., inclusive. By Thomas De Haney Bernard, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of Wells. Macmillan & Co., New York and London. 1892. Pp. 416.

CANON BERNARD is already favorably known by his Bampton Lectures on "The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament," and the present volume on "The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ," will increase his reputation for reverent and critical insight into the deeper meaning of the New Testament. It is one of the signs of the times that Christian scholars are more and more going to the Gospel itself for evidence of

its genuineness, and are presenting with freshness and originality of detail, old truths which lay upon the surface of Scripture, and for that reason, perhaps, escaped adequate consideration. Canon Bernard's book deserves to be classed with the "Pastor Pastorum" of Mr. Latham, which appeared last year, and that is saying a great deal for it. It is a study and exposition of the great five chapters of St. John's Gospel (xiii.-xvii.) which are rightly regarded as the very central teaching of our Lord. The incidents preliminary to the Institution are described with graphic simplicity, and very helpful suggestions are made as to the reconciliation of St. John and the Synoptics on the subject of the time of the last supper. The author agrees with Luthardt that there is every reason to take the first three Gospels as our guide in this matter. The discussion of the washing of the disciples' feet (p. 66) is striking and original, and the possible reference to baptism in that act of our Lord is a most happy thought, which the commentators seem to have overlooked. The whole exposition of the greatest of all discourses—the critical discrimination of Greek words, the historical and doctrinal setting—and last, but not least, the thoroughly churchly tone of the writer are delightful and refreshing. The style is simple and devotional and the attitude throughout is that of an earnest student on his knees before his Master; yet every opportunity is seized to point out the strong, clear indications of genuineness and authenticity that abound in the text, and the author's treatment illustrates his own wise words (p. 150) on the subject of Christian evidences, viz.:—

"In these sayings of Jesus, both kinds of evidence" (the external and internal, objective and subjective) "are combined and placed in their relative positions. Thus man is appealed to on the whole; and this recognition by one part of his nature is restrained by the conclusions of the other. The witness within is of such a character as to expect the witness from without; and the witness without answers its end only by generating the witness within. Thus, to believe the testimony of Jesus concerning Himself for His own sake,

or to believe it for the work's sake, are processes which in some sort include each other, and in their combined effect create the full confidence of faith. Yet, with a true disciple, the evidence of works is only a subsidiary aid: it is knowledge of Jesus in Himself which inspires an assured faith in His highest self-revelations."

Thomas Carlyle. By John Nichol [*English Men of Letters Series*]. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892. 12mo, pp. viii., 257.

AFTER an interim of several years this valuable series has begun a new life in the volume before us, and it is to be hoped that no such break will shortly take place as that which has occurred since the publication of Sidney Colvin's "Keats." We are not informed as to the cause of a supersession which all students of English literature must regret—perhaps Mr. Morley's political preoccupations have interfered with his editorial labors—but we are glad to welcome without many questions this tardy bellwether of a new section of the flock.

Emeritus Professor Nichol is not unknown to the general reader. He is the author of the excellent life of Byron in this same series, and he has recently contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* an article which has not exactly pleased such Southerners as have read it. He was well qualified to write about Carlyle both from his personal knowledge of the man and his admiration for his work. Nevertheless he can hardly be said to have done his best by his subject. Indeed, those good people who will hear of nothing but a "*nil nisi bonum*" biography will be inclined to think that Mr. Nichol has done his worst by his subject. We will not say this, for we recognize many good points in Mr. Nichol's sketch, and we are well aware what a difficult task lies before the writer of any short biography, much less one of such a man as Carlyle. We are also prepared to believe that there is a time and a place for the critical as well as the encomiastic biography, and we see no reason why Carlyle should not be criticized afresh now

that Mr. Froude has done with him. Nor are we disposed to chide Mr. Nichol for following Froude closely in matters of fact and for adding little himself to our knowledge of details. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Froude's tact as a biographer, it was Mr. Nichol's clear duty to take into account all that had ever been published about his hero, and he assuredly was at liberty to defend in his preface the biographical methods of his personal friend.

We have two chief faults to find with Mr. Nichol. He has allowed his propensity to criticize to make him forget that he was writing a biography, and he has allowed the same propensity to blind him to the fact that it is sometimes well to be modest when one is in the presence of a great genius. In consequence, the book before us shows a want of proportion that makes it appear at times to be little more than a clumsy and long-spun essay, and it contains whole pages that are bound to be irritating to any admirer of Carlyle. If Mr. Nichol had Matthew Arnold's style, or if the shafts of his criticism were as well directed as those of the great Englishman were wont to be, the general reader would be prepared to forgive him, even if the true Carlylian still showed signs of rancor. But unfortunately Mr. Nichol's style is often involved and his criticisms are often superfluous, not to say pointless. Still one is forced to admit that the Scotch professor, if too fond of inculcating his own views, as all professors are, has nevertheless well characterized Carlyle's services to literature, especially to history, and that he has treated with tact such topics as the Lady Ashburton episode, which might well have been bungled by an injudicious biographer. It must also be allowed that Mr. Nichol shows at times a genuine admiration for Carlyle, which goes far to justify the existence of his book and which no student of Carlyle can afford to cavil at or to overlook. It is but simple justice to him to quote two or three admirable sentences from his concluding paragraph:—

"When all is said of his dogmatism, his petulance, his 'evil behavior,' he remains the master spirit of his time, its

Censor, as Macaulay is its Panegyrist, and Tennyson its Mirror. He has saturated his nation with a wholesome tonic, and the practice of any one of his precepts for the conduct of life is ennobling. More intense than Wordsworth, more intelligible than Browning, more fervid than Mill, he has indicated the pitfalls of our civilization. His works have done much to mould the best thinkers in two continents, in both of which he has been the Greatheart to many pilgrims."

London. By Walter Besant. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892. 8vo, pp. xv., 509.

THAT facile writer, Mr. Walter Besant, who is equally at home whether he is writing about Jerusalem or the East End of London, about Rabelais or the protection of struggling authors, about marriages in the Fleet or Sons of Vulcan, has certainly not fallen below his wonted plane of excellence in the volume before us. The nine chapters of which it is composed were originally contributed as articles to *Harper's Magazine*, and one is therefore not surprised to find occasional padding or traces of the effects of that impulse to write down to the level of the popular mind, which no veteran contributor to periodical literature can long escape. There are also traces of a slight flippancy natural enough in a successful and voluminous novelist, and there is too much laudation of our advanced nineteenth century civilization at the expense of those excellent ancestors whose labors made that civilization possible. Still Mr. Besant is not wanting in enthusiasm for these ancestors, and he not infrequently defends them against carping antiquaries. Then, too, he is not afraid to let his imagination play over the past of the London he loves, and so he not infrequently illuminates his subject. Besides, how could a charming and clever man like Mr. Besant fail to write a charming and clever book? He has not failed, very far from it.

Our author is careful to let his reader know in his preface

that he does not intend to write a history of London or a description of the modern city. If one wishes to learn something definite about the great city companies and their government one must still go to Loftie and the other authorities; if one wishes to hear the praises of the modern County Council sounded, one must go to Mr. Frederic Harrison and other enthusiasts. Mr. Besant intends simply to make himself a delightful guide through certain chief periods of the city's life and growth. He will discourse admiringly and mournfully of the great churches, monasteries, palaces, and hospitals that once rose where warehouses now stand; he will give us pictures of the citizen in his home, of the Lord Mayor in his pomp, of the rogue in his den; he will describe plagues and fires, and last, but not least, will retail much harmless, pleasant gossip and many romantic stories with an old-time flavor clinging to them. He will not, however, let his imagination run away with him, for he has had his Stow constantly beside him, he has examined old maps, pamphlets, and account books, and what is still better, has actually surveyed every step of the *terrain* about which he is to write. The reader may therefore feel certain that the book which has proved such pleasant reading has also been useful reading.

In the first chapter, entitled "After the Romans," Mr. Besant holds decidedly the opinion to which Loftie leans, that when the Saxons entered London they found it a deserted city. The reasons he gives to support this opinion are weighty, but the vivid use of the imagination which he allows himself hardly tends to reassure a doubting or critical reader. It is not safe to mix up quotations from recognized authorities with descriptive passages that may have been taken from an unpublished historical novel, so far as their form and matter are concerned.

The second chapter, "Saxon and Norman," is naturally less full of interest than those that follow. Three chapters are then given to Plantagenet London, one devoted to ecclesiastical matters, another to the life and works of "prince

and merchant," a third to the every-day and holiday pursuits of the people at large. Where all is so good, it is hard to specify what is best; perhaps we like most the pages devoted to our old friend, Sir Richard Whittington. Tudor London gets only two chapters, but one of these is the best in the volume, containing, as it does, an account of the delightful walk Mr. Besant took with his noble and quaint old friend, the chronicler Stow. When an author has such an imagination and can use it so well as Mr. Besant, who would grumble at his indulging it?

The eighth chapter, on the London of Charles II., is interesting especially as containing accounts of the plague and fire. Mr. Besant is not confined to Pepys or De Foe, but quotes interestingly from rare pamphlets and account books. On the whole, however, it would seem that with the wealth of material at his hands he could have done better, and we hardly see any good reason for passing by Congreve and the other Restoration dramatists as he has done. The last chapter consists of notes on the capital as it existed under George II. Here, with the almost overabundance of materials, we can afford to put up with what the author frankly admits to be an incomplete sketch, and we must certainly thank him for the pages in which he exposes the exaggerated way in which we are accustomed to speak of the lethargy of the Church during the first part of the eighteenth century.

To conclude, Mr. Besant has done his work well, and it was work worth doing. The publishers have vied with him and have produced a volume which it is simply a privilege to glance over or to read through. There are a hundred and thirty excellent illustrations and—a rare thing in books of this kind—a good index. We only wonder that they should have issued a book so well adapted to serve the purposes of a gift-book out of the regular holiday season.

MINOR NOTICES.

It is interesting to note that the charms of Spanish travel are becoming each year more realized among us. Indeed, it would be remarkable if the nation of Irving, of Ticknor, and of Lowell, who have done perhaps as much as any three men to make Spain known abroad, should be backward in their interest in a country whose manners, language, and people are so closely identified with those of our Southern neighbors, who would no doubt be glad to be our commercial allies, if we could make up our minds that we wanted any. Anything that helps to make Spain and the Spaniards known in America is welcome, and so we have read with interest, and not without profit, "Spanish Cities, With Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangier," by Charles Augustus Stoddard (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1892). The author is already known by an interesting book of Russian travel, and has succeeded in getting for this book some well-chosen photographs of Spanish scenes, which have unfortunately suffered unreasonably in the reproduction. The style is easy, occasionally a little slipshod, as though written on or near the spots that it describes, and perhaps for periodical publication. The proof-reading, too, is faulty. There are five errors on a single page (92), and on page 81, Pius IX. is made to proclaim the Immaculate Conception in 1685. That some pranks should be played with Spanish words was perhaps to be expected, for the writer pretends to no knowledge of that language. To pass from the form to the substance one misses most in the book a sympathy with the Spanish character, without which much in Spain will certainly be incomprehensible and probably repellant. Their religion is to him "abject," "dense, dark, and relentless." He breathes freer when on the "Sabbath," he can listen to a Swiss Calvinist in a "two-pair back" at Reus, famed for adulterated

wine, or at Madrid to a sermon at the English Legation that reminds him of Jonathan Edwards on the Freedom of the Will. Mr. Stoddard combines with his narrative the modicum of legend and history that the guide, or the guide-book, affords. When he goes beyond, as in a short disquisition on the Mozarabic liturgy, he is neither luminous nor accurate. The most valuable part of his book is certainly his notes on art and architecture, which are full and quite what might be expected of one who has seen, as he assures us, all the chief galleries and cathedrals of Europe. It will be reassuring to some timid travellers to learn that the hotel accommodations proved fair almost everywhere and the prices reasonable, while he found much in the railroad service to commend, which is remarkable, for our countrymen can usually find as little to like in continental railway methods as our continental friends can find in ours. On the whole, the book will repay the reading to those who are interested in Spain, but it is on a distinctly lower literary plane than Henry T. Finck's "Spain and Morocco," which this publishing house gave us some time since.

WE are glad to see that the Trustees of the University of the South have had printed (Franklin Publishing House, Atlanta, Ga.), the address on "The Rights of Mind," delivered a few months since at Sewanee by Hon. Logan E. Bleckley, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Judge Bleckley has won much distinction of late for his forcible utterances on the subject of lynch law, and his address will be read with great interest and profit. He discusses briefly, though clearly, the right against intellectual fraud, the right against violence to the emotions, the æsthetic right, or right against ugliness. These rights, are, of course, the least tangible and the least understood of all the rights that engage the attention of the lawyer, and one cannot help wishing, after reading Judge Bleckley's pamphlet, that the learned author could find time to write a systematic treatise on this very important subject. Copies of the address can

doubtless be had on application to the author or to the Registrar of the University.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND COMPANY have added to their well known *Nature Series* a volume entitled "Experimental Evolution," by Dr. Henry De Varigny, of the Paris Museum D'Histoire Naturelle. It consists of lectures delivered in the Summer School of Art and Science at Edinburgh, in August, 1891. Although it is evident from his style that the author is writing in a foreign language, the reader finds nothing to repel him either in the matter of the book or in the manner in which the subject is treated. The author is candid with regard to the difficulties that still confront the upholders of the evolutionary theory in its various branches, and he is not rabid in his treatment of those who discredit that theory, either wholly or partially. As might have been expected, he dwells chiefly on the work done in France in confirmation of the evolution hypothesis, but his book is none the less valuable as a popular exposition of a body of scientific facts and hypotheses about which many people are in the habit of talking without any very clear idea of what they are saying.

ANOTHER volume of lectures, this time by several hands, is "Religious Systems of the World" (London, Swan Sonnenschein; New York, Macmillan), now in its second edition, revised and enlarged by several new articles. The lectures which make it up were "delivered on Sunday afternoons at South Place Institute, during 1888-89 and 1891 on 'Centres of Spiritual Activity,' and 'Phases of Religious Development.'" The object of the lectures and the book is, of course, to encourage religious toleration, but a glance at the table of contents may well serve to make one have some slight qualms as to the benefit to the individual or the race of that reliance on private judgment of which we hear so much in certain quarters. The volume is in two parts—I. Pre-Christian and Non-Christian; II. Christian, Theistic, and Philosophic. Its value as a work of reference is great on

account of the number and the quality of its contributors, among whom are to be found Canon George Rawlinson, Professor Legge, Sir Alfred Lyall, Professor Rhys-Davids, Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, C. F. Keary, W. R. Morfill, Professor York Powell, Oscar Browning, Canon Shutleworth, W. S. Lilly, Sir Frederick Pollock, Frederic Harrison, and Dr. Stanton Coit. We find Mrs. Besant writing on Theosophy, but where is Mrs. Humphry Ward? The Mormons are in, but where are the Universalists? Indeed we fancy that a thickly populated State of this Union could furnish lecturers on various so-called Churches who would far outnumber the distinguished contributors to this excellent and useful volume.

"THE WEST FROM A CAR-WINDOW," by Richard Harding Davis (New York, Harper and Brothers), is the result of a three-months' journey of a man trained to see and to write. He cannot see all in three months, and he knows it. He does not offer what he saw for more than it is, and yet his book is valuable, not that he saw more than many of us have seen or may see, but that he had the publicist's eye. Texas seems to have claimed the larger share of the traveller's attention and four of the eight chapters of the book are devoted to various aspects of life there, among the troops on the frontier and in quarters, on a ranch, and as it appears to the traveller in railway car and hotel. Then we have a lively account of the great silver-mining camp at Creede, or CREEDE, as the author says it always appeared to his mental vision after he reached Denver, and of Oklahoma, concerning which he concludes that "any man who can afford a hall-bedroom and a gas-stove in New York City is better off than he would be as the owner of one hundred and sixty acres on the prairie or in one of these small so-called cities. "Impressions of a visit to an Indian Reservation" and of a trip among the Rockies, "In the Heart of the Great Divide," conclude this unambitious but entertaining volume. We may mention also the numerous illustrations which seem to be from kodak pictures and so really "illus-

trate," though the mechanical execution leaves much to be desired.

"FIELD-FARINGS, A VAGRANT CHRONICLE OF EARTH AND SKY," by Martha McCulloch Williams (New York, Harper and Brothers), is a dainty little volume which is aptly characterized by the motto on its title page: "A picture frame for you to fill." It is a series of careful descriptions of nature as seen by loving eyes in the various phases of the changing year. It is somewhat fanciful in places; at least it may well seem so to those less used than the author to day dreams. A single citation may serve. "Twenty acres for new ground. Already the axemen have swept over ten. Attila was not more ruthless. No standing thing has escaped. First they cut down the underbrush at root; laid it orderly away; left dim-dusk aisles all through this God's first temple. One by one the aisles have vanished. The clear, pale sunshine plays, wanton-free, over virgin soil long hidden from his beaming. The guardian trunks yet lie thick upon it as though even in death they would shield the mother breast." This is a fair sample of the style and spirit of these studies of nature. Doubtless they will find sympathetic readers. As one of our most judicious Presidents once remarked: For people that like that sort of thing, we should think it would be just the sort of thing they would like. It is one of many indications of a revival of the romantic school of writing that has so long suffered a more or less complete naturalistic occultation.

WITH the lively interest manifested by our educational publishers in French and German, it is sad to contrast their inactivity in supplying or stimulating the interest that ought to be felt, and we are glad to observe is being felt each year in greater measure, in the language and literature of the great continent to the south and of that Spain which was once the leader of Europe. Much of the little work that has been done in this field is of the most mediocre description.

Indeed the books worthy of notice, all comparatively recent, can be very briefly detailed.

THOSE who desire to follow the older conversational methods of language study, will find a useful help in Ybarra's "Method for Learning Spanish," whose seventh edition (Boston, Heath, 1892), has just appeared. For the needs of the traveller, however, the book is too full, and the student will probably prefer to approach the language from the literary side by means of the grammars of Edgren or of Knapp, and the latter's excellent "Spanish Readings."

ANOTHER book in this department deserves greater attention than we think it has found hitherto among those of us who are daily brought into close commercial and social contact with our Spanish-speaking neighbors, Becker and Mora's "Spanish Idioms" (Boston, Ginn & Co.), is one of those books for which the scholar feels grateful to author and publisher. There is no modern language whose idioms and proverbial or gnomic sayings present such constant and puzzling difficulties as the Spanish. In some measure these difficulties will always remain, for they elude classification and arrangement. But, save for the lack of an adequate index what could reasonably be expected is attained here; the number of phrases gathered is nearly 10,000, and while by no means exhausting the subject, this book will be found more full and accurate than the best of our Spanish-English dictionaries.

THE third revised edition of Dr. A. W. Ward's "Old English Drama," which it will be remembered includes Marlowe's "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" and Greene's "Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," affords gratifying evidence of the interest that is being taken in other dramatists besides Shakspeare. It seems strange to us that more Elizabethan plays have not been edited in the admirable Clarendon Press Series. And why, we may ask, since we are on this point, does not this great Press adopt the suggestion made some years since by Mr. Saintsbury in his "History of Elizabethan Literature," and give us a practically complete

corpus of the English drama between the years, say, 1560 and 1660? This could be done, as Mr. Saintsbury shows, in between forty and fifty volumes of the size of the well known "Globe" Series, and thus students would have within their reach, at a moderate cost, the greatest body of dramatic literature the world has ever known.

THE latest additions to the new *Aldine Edition of the British Poets* are Scott in five volumes, edited by John Dennis, and Shelley, in five volumes, edited by that veteran Shelley devotee, Mr. H. Buxton Forman. Neither of these poets has hitherto been included in this admirable series, and it was especially fitting that this centennial year of Shelley's birth should witness the appearance of so excellent an edition of the poet's works. It is also matter for congratulation that the Riverside Press is shortly to issue an edition of Shelley's poetry in four volumes under the editorship of that very competent scholar, Professor George E. Woodberry. So Shelley literature grows apace and we can but contrast the zeal of his votaries with the indifference shown four years ago at the centennial of Byron's birth.